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Select Poetry.

MOURN NOT FOR THE DEAD.

Weep not for the dead, the hallowed dead,
Who have early passed away
From these scenes of trouble, toil and pain,
To the realms of endless day!

Mourn not for the dead, the unconscious dead,
Who the silent graveyard share.
For the tearful eye, and the painful head,
Have never an entrance there.

Weep not for the dead, the mouldering dead,
Since theirs is a peaceful rest;
Not a murmuring thought, nor an envious dream
Shall find a slumberer's breast.

Mourn not for the dead, the sanctified dead,
Who would ask no tears of thee;
Let the living share thy pitying care,
On life's tempestuous sea.

Weep not for the immortal dead,
Where no midnight shadowings come,
In that far off land the sainted blest
Have found them a better home.

A Select Story.

EAGLE EYE.

A TALE OF THE FOREST.

CHAPTER I.

"Many tales
Yet linger in our lonely vales,
Up pathless wood, and defile narrow,
Where erst the Savage drew his arrow."

The most picturesque period in the history of every country is said to be that when the ancient rough and wild manners of a barbarous age are just becoming innovated upon and contrasted by the illuminations of learning and the instructions of religion.

From this interesting period in the history of our own country, my little story bears date. To those who would recoil from a narrative where incidents of Indian life are mingled, because of the cruelties practised by these children of nature upon their enemies, I would say, such stains of character are not peculiar to any tribe or nation of men. If we review the history of civil wars and dissensions, that have convulsed enlightened and christian nations, down to the present struggle in China, we shall find in each a parallel to the darkest deed of savage fury.—Through the medium of justice and charity we may see good in all, though none are all good.

In one of the western counties of the Keystone State, in sight of the canal that now drags its weary length along her fertile lands, there stands, or stood, some years ago, a tall cylindrical rock, that seemed to pierce the sky in its solitary loftiness. About its base lies a heterogeneous bed of stones, from which, in times, gone by, a stream gushed forth, and sent its waters singing and gurgling over the rugged surface. Near by circled the quaint wigwams of the Youghiouganny village. Here and there might be seen, suspended like the oriole's nest, from the bow of a tree, the little dingy pappoose in its cradle of bark, crowing and fighting the sweet breeze that rocked it, while its mother busied herself in her daily task of providing food for her lord and family.

A hostile engagement had just been concluded between this and a neighboring tribe of the Ojibwas. The men had passed round the conclave. Its blue wreaths of uppowac smoke were curling up through the whispering leaves of the dark hemlocks, like incense in the dim arches of some old cathedral, as their chief, Big Hawk, stood forth to address them in the brief, cogent manner peculiar to their pointed, impressive eloquence. He was tall, vigorous, and handsomely formed. His dark, copper-colored face and person was gayly painted; his deer skin robe dyed a brilliant red, and upon his regal brow rested a stuffed hawk with expanded wings; through a bore in his right ear hung a thin green snake that wound itself gracefully about his neck and completed the costume of this man, honored by his tribe as a warrior, orator, and hunter.

As he essayed to speak a shrill scream from his squaw suspended his voice; the whole council seized their arms, strung their bows and arranged themselves for battle.—But a more novel disaster had occurred. The infant son, and only child of their chief, had suddenly disappeared from the grassy bank of the little stream, where its fond mother had often permitted her little obese grub of savage royalty to luxuriate in unfettered delight; while she, with the intuitive love of ornament common to woman, sought for scarlet hips to adorn her full round arms and neck, that "needed not the foreign aid of ornament," and wild flowers to eke out her scanty toilet. All was sympathy and commotion throughout the village, men and women joined in the search for the child, with an earnest desire to avert the dreadful consequences of their Chief's anger from the unhappy mother, "Evening Star," whom they loved for her gentleness and beauty.

One after another returned dejectedly to the village without tidings of the child. At length an old veteran was seen approaching in the trot, by which Indians travel so fast, bringing with him a stripling of the tribe of their late enemy.

He stood before the Chief covered with blood and wounds, but fierce and undaunted. When they interogated him concerning the lost child, he remained scornfully silent; when they threatened him the stake he struck his smarting wounds and bade them defiance.—During this fruitless inquisition Evening Star in her beauty and wretchedness appeared.—She wore a curtle of soft moss, ingeniously matted into a kind of cloth, around the bottom of which she had fastened a wreath of wild flowers; upon her arms were bracelets of scarlet hips; her feet were cased in neatly fitting moccasins; and around her head she wore a coronet of blue wampum, from beneath which fell her soft shining hair, like a sheet of costly jet, without a curve over her neck and heaving bosom. The rich glow had faded from her cheek, her large star-like eyes swam in tears, her voluptuous lips, parted in the intensity of agonizing suspense, showed their lines of pure pearl; while her slender form quivered like a reed shaken by the wind.

The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS, —PERSEVERE.— Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XII. HUNTINGDON, PA., AUGUST 6, 1856. NO. 7.

As the spark of hope lit for a moment in the Chief's bosom by the appearance of the wounded boy died out, despair seemed to wring his brave heart; and turning fiercely upon his squaw he flourished the unerring tomahawk above her head. She meekly bowed to receive the cruel stroke. But with the speed of lightning the Indian boy darted forward and intercepted the blow. A flush of interest now fired his wan cheek, he acknowledged that, being aroused from the stupor of death by the pain of his stiffening wounds, he had wandered in search of water, even to the shadow of the great rock; while refreshing himself in its stream, he heard the scream of a bald eagle, saw her spread her broad wings from her nest on the pinnacle of the rock, and after circling through the air, swoop by the side of the stream, and then wheel away to the eyrie with the papoose.—He gallantly offered to scale the walls of her airy citadel, and if possible recover the child. In wonder and doubt they all repaired to the rock. He began his ascent by embracing the column with hands and feet, and urging himself upward with great agility. Arriving at the top he found to his great joy that the fierce mother-bird was absent from her brood in whose midst the young prince lay quietly amusing himself with his long-beaked companions. With a cry of joy he descended and placed the little æronaut in his happy mother's arms. The grateful father embraced the boy, adopted him into his family, and named him "Eagle Eye." The young men encircled him and danced their wild dance of joy to the music of their yells.

CHAPTER II.

"So the red Indian, by Ontario's side,
Nursed hardy on the brindle panther's hide,
As fades his swarthy race, with anguish sees,
The white man's cottage rise beneath the trees.

When the tide of European emigration after many discouraging ebbs, began in full flow to flood the wide shores of America; wave after wave encroached upon the rights of the red man; step after step he conceded to his pale brother; until it became evident they were a legionary race—that, ultimately, would usurp their boundless forests and exterminate them. Roused by these convictions they became a scourge to the people they had once welcomed to their shores, as fair beings from a better world.

William Penn, through his mildness, disinterested love of justice, and his sincere philanthropy, preserved the colony he founded from the bloody vengeance of the Indians.—He entered on a treaty of peace with them, that remained unbroken for the space of seventy years. In his message he tells them:—"The great God has been pleased to make him concerned in their part of the world, and that the king of the country where he lives has given him a great province therein; that he does not wish to enjoy it without their consent; that he is a man of peace; that the people whom he sends are of the same disposition; and that if any difficulty should occur between them, it might be adjusted by an equal number of men on both sides." To which they reply in their metaphorical and picturesque style:—"We are happy in having buried under ground the red axe, that has so often been dyed with the blood of our brothers. Now, in this sort, we inter the axe and plant the tree of peace. We plant a tree whose top will reach the sun and its branches spread abroad, so that it shall be seen afar off. May its growth never be stifled and choaked; but may it shade both your country and ours with its leaves. Let us make fast its roots and extend them to the utmost of your colonies. May the Great Spirit allow us to rest in tranquility upon our mats, and never again dig up the axe to cut down the tree of peace! Let a strong stream run under the pit to wash the evil away out of their sight and remembrance. We now make the covenant chain of friendship. Let it be kept bright and clean as silver and not suffered to contract any rust. Let not any one pull away his arm from it." As the colony expanded, these denizens of the forest, being liberally rewarded for the soil quietly relinquished it and fell back into the denser wilds.

Among the many in Europe, now looking to America as a place of refuge from oppression and religious persecution, stood Robin McLeon. He determined to quit the bonny locks and heath-clad hills of Scotland, and set up his altar in the gloom of an unknown land, that he might worship his creator according to the dictates of his conscience. When he had made ready his little household for the perilous journey, he was called to the bedside of a dying sister, with whom he had been at variance. "God is merciful," said Mrs. Wilder as she clasped her brother's hand, "my moments are numbered, but if you will take my poor child to your heart and be a father to her, my spirit can depart in peace. In the hope that she might become a peace-offering between us, I have named her Irene, which is peace." In that solemn hour all former bickerings were forgotten, and the lonely orphan was kindly adopted by Mr. McLeon, to whom she became "as a savoury odour of sweet herbs." But to his plain practical wife she was "naught but a fasheons lassie." The soft radience of her gentle beauty, the redundancy of her golden curls, the agile grace of her figure, and perfect mould of her dainty hands and feet, seemed to exasperate her aunt's temper towards her.

Patrick Mulican, an astute sprig of shelaleh, their assistant man of all work, was not long in discovering the way matters stood.—Pat had an eye for the beautiful, and secretly worshiped at this faultless shrine.—Prompted by a generous sympathy for the sad and lonely condition of the lovely orphan, he would often endeavor to relieve the tedium of a long evening, by recounting to her wonders he had seen in this wild land of their adoption and among its still wilder inhabitants. To the novel loving mind of Irena these tales, often the chimeras of his own brain, had the fascination of a syren's voice; her heart panted for the moment when she too should behold and mingle with these dark wonders of the forest, whom her imagination, as well as her entertainer's, encircled with the halo of romance.

A short distance from their rude dwelling, just over the borders of their clearing, slept a small picturesque lake, overshadowed by tall pines that locked their dark branches into a verdant sacreen, and gurded it from the too intense heat of the sun—as the canorous winds swept apart their glossy crests, glints of golden sunlight kissed the clear waters and started their "breeze-ridden ripples."—A few yards distant, in view through a vista in the pines, the earth swelled into a hill, adown whose rocky side a little stream poured its waters in a miniature cataract into the level bed below—whence they glided, 'neath a low arch-way of alders and ferns, imperceptibly into the smiling lake. Hither Irena would steal in moments of leisure, to gather wild flowers—to watch the arrowy fish glancing through the lucid water—to dream of home—of her sainted mother—to shed the filial tear unseen by the cold gray eyes of her stern aunt—anon, to chant wild legends of her native land, while the tuneful birds caroled their songs in the branches above her.

To this retreat, on a sultry Sabbath morning, while a heavy veil of mist hung its white folds down upon the earth, Irene was pursued by the kind-hearted Paddy. The phlegmatic temper of Mrs. McLeon, had appeared unusually morose and exacting that morning; more than once he had marked Irene's lips quiver, as the harsh tones of her aunt's voice grated upon her ear in unmerited rebuke.

"I will strike while the iron's hot," soliloquized Pat, "and by the beard of St. Patrick, I will offer her my heart and hand, for it's myself that could never permit aven the winds to harm mavorneen,"

With this resolution he enetered the sacred precincts of his lady's bower, and, as became a true knight, dropped upon his knee before her and poured forth his tale of love.

Irene was amazed—but, in a moment, her sense of the ridiculous overcame her surprise. Of the stumpy, awkward figure, half recumbent before her, little was visible save the broad, thick shoulders, which a hint at a neck connected with a large round head, surmounted by a hirsute thatch of carrotty hair, from the caves of which a pair of pale blue crossed eyes were ogling her. To complete the attractions of Pat's person, we must add a rubicund nose, thick peppering of dark freckles and a mouth whose up-turned corners and long upper lip gave the whole a comic expression, and contrasted so vividly with her own reflection in the glassy lake and the lovely scene around her, that she could not refrain from burying her face in her hands and slyly indulging her mirth.

Suddenly from the hill above came the quick sound of an animal s feet, and in another instant a fine deer foaming and bleeding dashed down the hill and away through the thick pines. But his pursuer, a majestic Indian, stood as if transfixed upon the brow of the hill, his arrow unsped from his drawn bow, his eyes scintillating, and his form appearing to dilate, as the thin wreaths of mist melted away. To the entranced gaze of Irene he seemed the tutelar deity of the wood; nor was it possible for Pat to turn her eyes from him or prevail upon her to fly; with the blundering of a true son of Erin, he began to wring his hands and cry, "och hone? och hone! the lady's crazed." And ran to the house for help. Mrs. McLeon treated the story with contempt, but her husband snatched his gun and ran to the lake, followed by Pat armed with a cudgel; when they gained the lake no traces of the fair girl could be seen; day after day wore away—the nearest Indian settlement was visited—the country round was scoured through hill, wood and vale, with no success. Sorrows never visit us singly, but in companies; and Mr. McLeon received intimation from an old squaw, who crossed his path in the woods, of an intended attack upon his house and family by her tribe in consequence of the disappearance of one of their men, whose loss they charged upon him; he sought by kind messages and presents to sooth his savage neighbors, and convince them of his innocence and ignorance of the fate of their lost member. Yet he felt no time was to be lost in preparing to meet them as enemies should they come as such. After barricading the doors and windows of his house, and counseling his family to remain quiet and watchful; he mounted his horse and rode with all speed to summon their nearest neighbors, but the day was far advanced, night came on apace, the clouds grew dark and lowering, the low distant thunder announced the coming storm which increased in violence until it became a tempest, the earth and the heavens were blended in one dark chaos; the driving rain, blinding lightning and terrible thunder, seemed harbingers of the dissolution of all sublunary things. In this hour of sublimity and awe, the terrible war-whoop of the savages Youghiouganys froze the blood of the helpless watchers. They soon effected an entrance and seizing Mrs. McLeon, who presented herself to screen her children, scalped her, and were proceeding to set the house in flames; when Eagle Eye whose supposed death they came to avenge, bounded in among them, as if borne on the wings of the storm, and was recognized with yells of savage enthusiasm.

He averred no injury had been done him by the pale faces; besought them to spare their victim's life, and return to their homes, which they instantly and silently did.

CHAPTER III.

"'Tis vain to struggle with our destiny,
Resistance but more firmly links the chain
Which binds us to our doom."

Since we last saw Eagle Eye he had mingled much with the whites, as their settlements approached his own. With the observing habits of an Indian, he had picked up much of their manners and language; felt a growing admiration for their arts, civilization, and gentle virtues; which, however, he carefully concealed from his tribe, who would he knew think he had compromised his character, and look upon him with suspicion ever after.

On one occasion as he was returning from a visit to the colony, whither he went ostensibly to trade with the whites, he made his way to Irene's favorite haunt, known to him in boyhood. He had just deposited himself on the grass to rest when Irene's elastic step caught his quick ear—he glided, with the noiseless ease of a serpent, beneath the arch of alders and ferns, that hid the mouth of the little stream, and stood knee deep in water, watching with breathless ecstacy the unsuspecting girl. Thence forward he grew listless and moody, always hunting alone and seldom bringing in any game, but never failing to gain some point near the lake, where unobserved he might gaze on the "Light of Dawn," (the name he gave her.) whom he loved with all the fervor of his wild, impetuous nature. Near the summit of the hill, above the lake, was the low wide mouth of a cave of blue limestone, running back into the earth some fifty or sixty feet, containing two distinct apartments. Through the more remote of these murmured a subterraneous runlet, In these wide halls had grown up sparry columns in all manner of grotesque shapes; and from the solid arch above innumberable fantastically irregular salactites reached down their glittering points, musically dripping the filtered water on the mimic band below. The echo in this cave was so remarkable that even these faint silvery sounds, with the melancholy flow of the little stream, were repeated by a thousand soft whispers which gave Indians a dread of the place, believing it to be the haunt of evil spirits. For this reason, Eagle Eye, less superstitious than the rest, felt it to be a place of security, and thither would repair after his clandestine visits to the lake, and ponder upon the means he should adopt to secure the Light of Dawn as his bride, and free himself from his tribe, and the old squaw, Keoba, who had determined to make him her husband. Upon the morning that we beheld Patrick Mulican on his knees before Irene, the idea of a white rival first dawned upon him—he at once resolved to place the matter beyond doubt by secreting her in the cave until something more definite could be devised. In the cave then—pillowed on the soft moss, and curtained by his blanket to keep off the drippins, and attended with the most delicate and respectful care by her wild lover, but at the same time watched with the argus eye of jealousy—Irene remained four days. Fascinated by the story of his deep love, she consented to become his bride if he would make his home among her people. Until that arrangement could be made he insisted upon detaining her as his ward; dreading the espionage of old Keoba he had not presented himself at the village and thus hastened the denouement he sought to avert. On the night of the storm, when the familiar war-cry of his tribe reached him in his retreat his error flashed upon him, springing from the cave he hoped to reach the scene in time to prevent the dreadful tragedy such sounds preluded. In his haste he did not observe the basilisk eyes of the old squaw, as he dashed down the hill; nor did he suspect that, while he was performing an act of justice and mercy, her skinny arms were bearing off in malice his greatest earthly treasure. And poisoning the ears of his friends against him, by a cunning story of the evil spirit, who she said appeared to her and directed her to the haunted cave to find Eagle Eye and the White Witch. That he bade her carry her to the medicine man, that he should give her to the flames, and then all depart towards the far off land of the "father of waters," or be delivered into the hands of the pale faces, who were coming in great numbers to destroy them. It was instantly agreed that Eagle Eye should be dispatched to treat with the pale warriors; and in his absence the dreadful sacrifice should be made.

At this juncture Eagle Eye reached the village with the band of warrior's from McLeon's. Smothering his indignation at Keoba's treachery as he beheld his Light of Dawn, pale and trembling, among the dusky Indian maids, he defied her in his heart and despaired not of circumventing her designs. Through the night he watched by the mat upon which Irene slept, confiding in his care; and on the morrow placed her in the wigwam of Little Hawk, whose life he had once saved, while he accepted his commission to treat with the whites. At Mr. McLeon's he was recognized as their friend preserver and assured that no army was abroad, that only a few friends remained with the family to protect them from further violence. A chilling sensation crept around Eeagle Eye's heart as he listened. Confused images of dread, mingled strangely in his mind with thoughts of Irene. On the wings of love he sped back to the village, and rushing through a collected crowd of its dark inhabitants, beheld old Keoba lighting the fagots piled high around a victim lashed to the cruel stake—and that victim the Light of Dawn! With the fury of a lion he hurled the wretch from her diabolical work; scattered the burning fragments over the astonished crowd, cut the cord that bound Irene's white arms above her head, and received upon his frantic bosom the lifeless form of the unhappy girl.—At first, incapable of realizing the terrible misfortune, he tried by every art to recall the broken spirit, till the sad truth burst like a lava flood upon him, scaring his brain; and he arose from his labor of love a raving maniac, so terrible that all feared to approach him and snatching the beautiful remains of his beloved from the ground, he fled from them and none dared to follow.

But silently folding their tents and turning their backs upon the scene of this tragedy—

They bend their course where twilight reigns sublime,
O'er forests silent since the birth of time.

CHAPTER IV.

Lay her i' the earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,
May violets spring.—*Hamlet.*

Time sped on and from his wings, that bear a balm for every wound, fell upon the McLeon's that hush of heart that succeeds despair.

Patrick Mulican was now fully domesticated in their home. His love for the beautiful Irene, formed an indissoluble tie between him and her uncle. Mrs. McLeon, whose wound from the scalping-knife had never cicatrised, bore patiently her affliction, and by a subdued gentleness of manner and a watchful attention to the comforts of others, sought to atone for her share in their past sorrows, and to soothe the twinges of remorse in her own bosom.

At the decline of a day in the dreamy season of the Indian summer, the little family was grouped before their humble dwelling, gazing on the rich and varied beauty of the forest's dying hues, bathed in the mellow light of closing day, and talking of the sad events that had clouded their brief sojourn in this land of beauty; when an old woman, with gray, disheveled hair and tattered garments, approached. Mr. McLeon recognized in the emaciated, travel-worn being the old Keoba, who had been the precursor of evil to him, and involuntarily shrank from her. But she exclaimed, commandingly, "man follow me, I come to show you Eagle Eye and the pale woman he stole from you, before I sleep upon my mother's breast," pointing to the earth. And stalking from them in haste left no time for refusal. They followed to the brow of the hill, here she signed Pat to enter the cave. But Pat drew back from what appeared a dark abyss. Casting on him a look of scorn, she beckoned Mr. McLeon on, and stretching forth her arms performed various incantations as she slowly entered the cave cautiously followed by Mr. McLeon. Astonishment at this vast abode of silence and solitude, gave place to the keenest anguish as he discovered it was also the abode of death; locked in his cold embrace he beheld the marble-like remains of the lamented Irene, serenely beautiful in her dreamless sleep; untouched by the hand of decay; and kneeling by her mossy couch the wasted corpse of the once proud warrior, Eagle Eye. The spirit of his deathless love seemed to hallow this great mausoleum, and to murmur through it at this invasion by the living.

When the first burst of anguish was over Mr. McLeon poured forth his heart in prayer that in death she had not been made to feel the bitterness of protracted agonies, and that he should now be permitted to give her the last sacred rites of christian burial. Issuing from the cave to inform his family and prepare for their first grave in the wilderness; he perceived that the old squaw had disappeared, but at the mouth of the cave lay a bunch of green uppawac, bound by the shreds of a red scarf he had given her on a former visit, by which simple token he knew she had departed in peace and good will. Upon a little knoll—

When Spring her earliest visits paid,
And Summer's lingering blooms delay'd,

repose the simple nameless graves of the departed. The care of this sacred spot Pat arrogated to himself; above the pulseless breast of the savage Brave he laid his bow and arrow and magnanimously trained over the silent mound the wild arbutes. But with reverential hand and pure taste he cultivated fragrant white violets in the form of a cross on the green grave of the sinless martyr Irene.

Years after, when the snows of age lay white upon his brow, might the faithful Pat be seen, religiously as Old Mortality, endeavoring to perpetuate this honored dust, showing that—

"True love's a holy flame
And when 'tis kindled, ne'er can die."

S. E. W.

"Do what thy hand findeth."

There are two kinds of men, those who do what they find to their hand, and those who idle away life, pretending that what offers is beneath them. Sydney Smith, the wit, is an example of the first, as Haydn, the artist, is of the last. Both had ordinary advantages in the outset, both had considerable ability, both lived through nearly two generations, both were Englishmen, and both moved in the same society. Nor was the profession of either such as to give him any superior chances of success. Yet Sydney Smith died in his bed, after a life of more than average felicity, while Haydn perished by his own hand, after long years of poverty, suffering and dishonor.

Nor was ever the great truth, that "as a man soweth so shall he reap," more strikingly exemplified than in poor Hadyn's beggary and suicide. With sufficient merit to have earned a decent competence in more than one branch of his profession, he haughtily refused to work on any pictures except such as belonged to what he called high art. He considered himself insulted if asked to paint a portrait, sneered at Wilkie for the latter's "Blind Fiddler," spoke contemptuously of Landseer for painting dogs, and declared that if he could not exercise genius on heroic themes, if he could not delineate a Belisarius or a Coriolanus, and cover half an acre of canvass, he would starve. And starve he did, for the simple reason that neither had he the ability to paint such pictures, nor did buyers want them.

If Haydn had starved alone, his folly would have been less. But he had a family who suffered incessant privations as the result of his obstinacy. A man's first duty in this world is to his wife and children; if he can earn them food, he has no right to leave them to beg. Nor was this all. Often, in order to escape bailiffs for the time, Hadyn would borrow money which he knew he could never return; and the day after he left the sponging-house, he would begin again the old career, which he was well aware must lead to similar catastrophes. He sneered at painting portraits, but did not scorn petty acts of dishonor. He said it was beneath him to stoop from "high art," but it was not beneath him at last to cheat. This is strong language, but when a man, who might pay his debts, refuses to do so on the plea that he will not condescend to unpleasant work, he acts like a rascal, no matter in what eloquent phases he disguises his conduct, no matter how successful he may have played the sophist with his conscience. If all men emulated such examples, the world would soon be merely a den of scoundrels. If every person acted on Hadyn's doctrine, and shirked such labor as was not agreeable, few of us, we fear, would come honestly even by our bread and butter. It is by the "sweat of the brow," not by play, that men must earn their subsistence.

Sydney Smith was the very opposite of Hadyn. In early life, he was an unbenificed clergyman, but instead of living on his friends, he supported himself by teaching; and having been, at last, appointed to a rectorship, he gave up the brilliant society of London, and buried himself in an obscure Yorkshire village. As he did this, from a sense of duty, so he did manfully all other duties, never seeking the excuse that they were too petty, too laborious, or too far beneath his genius. Celebrated for his wit, he sought to be as famous for his common sense; the delight of cultivated circles, he did not scorn to talk on equal terms with the most rustic of his parishoners; stinted in his means, he wasted no time in idle regrets, but bravely narrowed his desires within the limits of his income. In a word, whatever his hand found to do, that he did. Gradually, as a just reward, as the prize earned by his self-denial, success came to him. And now that he is dead, and his life is known, in its smallest details, it is rather for his manly discharge of duty than even for his wit, that Sydney Smith will be remembered.

Useful Receipts.

Fried Beef Steak.—Season your steak with salt and pepper, and fry them in hot lard. When done, dish them, add a little flour to the fat they were fried in, pour in a little water, and season with pepper and salt to the taste: give the gravy one boil and pour it over.

Smothered Steak.—Take one dozen large onions, boil them in very little water until they are tender. Pound and mash a beef steak, season it with pepper and salt, put it in a pan with some hot beef dripping, and fry it till it is done. Take it out, put it on a dish, where it will keep hot. Then, when the onions are soft, drain and mash them in the pan with the steak-gravy, and add pepper and salt to the taste. Put it on the fire, and as soon as it is hot pour it over the steak and serve it.

Inflammatory Rheumatism.—A gentleman wishes us to publish the following for the relief of suffering humanity. He says he has known a number of cures made by it, and all of them in a short time. Half an ounce of pulverized saltpetre, put in half a pint of sweet oil. Bathe the parts affected, then a sound cure will speedily be effected.

To Make Pot-Pie Crust and have it Light.—To one pint of sour milk add one tea-cup of sour cream or two-thirds of a cup of butter, one egg, saleratus, and mix hard like bread. Never roll it or cut it, but nip it off in pieces the size you wish. Boil it half an hour, and you will always have it as light as a puff.

To Make Pan or Griddle Cakes.—To one quart of sour milk add the yolk of four eggs, saleratus enough to sweeten the milk, put in flour to make a batter; beat the whites of the eggs to a froth, and stir it when you commence to bake; they are much better than the common way of mixing them.

Starch or Saloon Cake.—Take one cup of butter, one of sugar, one of sour milk, one tea-spoonful of saleratus, one cup of starch, two cups of flour, three eggs, spice to suit your taste, bake three quarters of an hour.—Add the whites of the eggs last, and stir it ten minutes before baking.

Common Ginger-Bread.—Half a pound of butter, half a tea cupful of ginger, one pint of molasses, two pounds of flour, one tablespoonful of salæratus. Rub the flour and butter together and add the other ingredients. Knead the dough well. Roll it out, cut it in cakes, wash them over with molasses and water, and bake them in a moderate oven.

Plain Ginger-Bread.—Three pounds of flour, a quarter of a pound of sugar, half an ounce of ground ginger, half a pound of butter, molasses sufficient to moisten the flour.—Cut up the butter in the flour, add to it the sugar and ginger, and stir in molasses barely enough to moisten the flour, as it will become softer by kneading. Knead the dough well, roll it out in sheet, cut it in cakes, place them on tins, wash them over with molasses and water, and bake in a cool oven.

Hasty Bread Pudding.—Put one quart of milk in a kettle, butter a few slices of bread and crumble them in till thick; then beat up three eggs, sweeten and spice, and when the milk is scalding hot, pour in the egg, stir well, take it up, and serve.

The famous St. Charles Indian Bread.—Beat two eggs very light, mix alternately with them one pint of sour milk or buttermilk, one pint of fine Indian meal, melt one tablespoonful of butter and add to the mixture; dissolve one teaspoonful of soda or saleratus in a small portion of the milk and add to the mixture; beat all hard and bake in a quick oven.

Buns.—One pound of butter cut fine into two and a half pounds of flour, six tablespoonfulls of yeast, two pints of milk, two glasses of rose water, two spoonfuls of spice; set them to rise until you can beat ten eggs, add one pound of sugar, half a pound of flour, both sifted; put them in four pans, and let them rise from the space of three or four hours.

Camphor a Remedy for Mice.—Any one desirous of keeping seeds from the depredation of mice, can do so by mixing pieces of camphor gum in with the seeds. Camphor placed in drawers or trunks will prevent mice from doing them injury. The little animal objects to the odor, and keeps a good distance from it; he will seek food elsewhere.

Baked Beef and Yorkshire Pudding.—Rub salt on a piece of beef, put it on bars, which should fit your dripping-pan, set it in the oven, with a gill of water in the pan, and when it is half done, make the pudding in the following manner:—Beat four eggs very light; the yolks in a pan, the whites in a broad dish. When the yolks are thick stir in a pint of milk, and as much flour as will make a batter, but not a thick one. Then stir in the whites which must be whisked very dry; do not beat the batter after the white is in; lastly stir in a teaspoonful of dissolved carbonate of ammonia. Take out the meat, skim all the fat off the gravy, pour in the batter and replace the meat; put all into the oven again, and cook it till the pudding is done. You should make batter enough to cover your dripping pan about half an inch deep. When the meat is dished, cut the pudding in squares, and place it round the dish, the brown side up.

Giblet Pie.—Wash and clean your giblets, put them in a stew-pan, season with pepper, salt, and a little butter rolled in flour, cover them with water, stew them till they are very tender. Line the sides of your pie dish with paste, put in the giblets, and if the gravy is not quite thick enough add a little more butter rolled in flour. Let it boil once, pour in the gravy, put on the top crust, leaving an opening in the centre of it in the form of a square; ornament this with leaves of the paste. Set the pie in the oven, and when the crust is done take it out.

Dutch Cake.—Two and a half pounds of flour, one pound of butter, one pound of sugar, a little yeast cinamon, nutmegs, two glasses of rose water, some carrant or raising,

THE HUNTINGDON GLOBE, A DEMOCRATIC FAMILY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS, &C.

THE GLOBE.

Circulation—the largest in the county.

HUNTINGDON, PA.

Wednesday, August 6, 1856.

FOR PRESIDENT,
JAMES BUCHANAN, of Pennsylvania.
FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE, of Ky.
FOR CANAL COMMISSIONER,
GEORGE SCOTT, of Columbia county.
FOR AUDITOR GENERAL,
JACOB FRY, Jr., of Montgomery co.

Democratic Delegate Elections.

The Democrats of Huntingdon county, are requested to meet at the usual places of holding elections, in their respective districts, (except Murray's Run district, which will meet at Donation School House,) on Saturday the 9th day of August next, for the purpose of electing delegates to a Democratic County Convention to be held at Huntingdon on Wednesday the 13th day of August, at 2½ o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of nominating a Democratic Ticket to be supported at the ensuing fall elections, and such other business as may be necessary.

SAMUEL T. BROWN, *Chairman*
July 15, 1856. *of Democratic County Committee.*

☞ Single copies of THE GLOBE done up in wrappers can always be had at the office. Price 3 cents.

Circulate "The Globe!"

THE GLOBE will be furnished to subscribers at the following rates:

For three months, payment in advance,.....	$ 50
"...six....."....."	75
"...one year....."....."	1 50

☞ How many new subscribers shall be added to our list during the approaching Court weeks? Remember, THE GLOLE is the best paper published in the county.

The Democratic County Convention.

On Saturday next, the Democratic voters of the county, are expected to meet at their usual places of holding elections, for the purpose of electing Delegates to meet in Convention in this place, on Wednesday, the 13th of August, to put in nomination a Democratic County Ticket. We hope to see the Democracy of every township and borough in the county, ably represented in the Convention—harmonious deliberation—a strong ticket—and victory will be ours.

OUR TRIP TO HOPEWELL, BEDFORD COUNTY.—On Thursday last, in company with a number of our citizens, and capitalists from Philadelphia, we jumped into the handsome new car on the Huntingdon and Broad Top Rail Road, and in a short time, we were landed at Hopewell, where a large crowd of persons had collected for the purpose of purchasing town lots. The sales amounted in the aggregate, to $0,500. Some lots went as high as $600; some at $100. From all we could learn, and the advantages the place has over all others, on the route between Huntingdon and Bedford, we could not avoid coming to the conclusion, that the town of Hopewell must become the most active business place on the route. Several large buildings are now being finished, and others will be commenced immediately. The old buildings are generally small, but their occupants have hearts as big as an ox—no person came away empty—the latch string of every door was on the outside.

The Railroad is now completed to Hopewell, and a more pleasant road to ride over, can not be found in the State. The scenery too, along the whole route, is more grand than on any other road. By the construction of this road, a great country has been opened out to the pleasure seeking inhabitants of the cities, and capitalists generally, and as soon as they are sharp enough to find it out, we may expect to see the cars crowded with passengers for the Broad Top Region.

READ! READ!!

From the Huntingdon Journal of this Wednesday morning.

"In regard to the statement we made that the publisher of the Huntingdon *Globe* "owed his present freedom to executive clemency," we have a word to say. Lewis has had a notice in his paper for several weeks, denying the assertion, and offering to wager $100 we cannot prove it. We cannot "bet" for several reasons—we are morally opposed to gambling; we could not take money *made* in the manner the above named individual has his; we will not stake money on a blackguard. We assert that our statements are entirely correct, and shall substantiate them by publishing a brief history of this immaculate Wm. Lewis—commencing in our next: from the pen of "one who knows." We shall prove every word we have spoken."

☞ The reader will observe that Brewster & Whittaker have not included in their "statement" their former oft-repeated but false assertions that we are "*a pardoned convict*," "*a Roman Catholic*," "*a Jesuit*," &c., &c., but they assert that *their statements are entirely correct*, and that they WILL *prove every word they have spoken!*

Now, all we ask of them is the *proof* to sustain their *assertions*—OR EITHER OF THEM.

But they say they "are *morally* (!) opposed to betting and gambling." We propose no betting—no gambling! Our proposition is to give, to bestow, the $100 in case they succeed in proving their assertions to be true!—*They refuse the proposition!* We will make them another, since they have become so "*moral*," to which they cannot object as being immoral! We now propose that they select a committee of five persons—*members of their own party and their own church*—to investigate the charges they have made against us, and if said committe report under oath that said charges are true, we will pay the said committee and Brewster and Whittaker and witnesses, for their time and trouble, and will also contribute the sum of one hundred dollars towards the erection of the Presbyterian parsonage house. In case they refuse to accept this, our last proposition, or to retract, we pledge ourselves to give them both more than they have contracted for.

In the meantime we *demand* of them the publication of the "brief history" they have promised, by "one who knows."

From the Providence (R. I.) Post.

The Political Priests!

Every city and almost every large town in New England has its political priests. They are men who love distinction, and who cannot obtain it by preaching the Gospel. So they join hands with infidels and spiritualists, and feed their flocks with denunciations of democracy, and abuse of the government, to which they are indebted, more than to their own good behavior, for protection. With remarkable unanimity they are fighting men. They want to see civil war, and are therefore loud in their praises of Sharpe's rifles and bowie-knives. We will give specimens of the religion of this class of them.

In the Pittsburg convention, a few months ago, the Rev. Mr. Brewster said:

"He, for one, was in favor of using fire-arms and fighting for freedom in Kansas."

The Rev. Mr. Chandler said:

"He believed that Sharpe's rifles were the best peace-makers; there was no danger too many of them would be introduced into Kansas."

The Rev. Mr. Lovejoy said:

"He was willing to go either as a captain or private. He would use Sharpe's rifles, and *fire with good aim.*"

In the North Church, soon after, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher said:

"*I hold it to be an everlasting disgrace to shoot at a man and not hit him!*"

The Rev. Theodore Parker said lately in his own church:

"He thought the people should rise at once in their might and by such a revolution as was never before heard of, *sweep the myrmidons of a corrupt obligarchy from power by the strong arm of physical violence.*"

At a Kansas meeting recently held in Boston, the Rev. H. James, of Worcester, said:

"There had been plenty of meetings and resolutions in favor of freedom. *The best way would be to ram the resolution down with powder and ball upon the top of it* For his part, he was ready to suffer, to go into the jaws of martyrdom, to save Kansas and his country. He knew not but that before this question was settled the country might roll in blood; but he was ready to enter the breach."

Much more of the same treasonable sort we might quote, and perhaps may quote as we find room for it hereafter. This however, will show the religious mood of these political preachers.

But our readers should not get the impression that the priests are now dabbling in politics for the first time. In the time of Jefferson the same class of hypocrites were as deep in the political mires as they now are; and during the war of 1812 they fairly foamed at the mouth with pious indignation. We will give a few sentences from some of the most *patriotic* of their sermons.

April 7, 1814, the Rev. Elijah Parish, D. D., of Bayfield, said:

"How will the supporters of *this anti-Christian warfare* endure their sentence—endure their own reflections—*endure the fire that forever burns—the worm which never dies*—the hosannahs of Heaven—WHILE THE SMOKE OF THEIR TORMENTS ASCENDS FOR EVER AND EVER."

The Rev. David Osgood, pastor of the church at Medford, in a discourse delivered June 27, 1812, said:

"If, at the command of weak or wicked rulers, they undertake an unjust war, each man who volunteers his services in such a cause, or loans his money for its support, or by his conversation, his writings or any other mode of influence, encourages its prosecution, that man is an accomplice in the wickedness, loads his conscience with the blackest crimes, brings the guilt of blood upon his soul, and, IN THE SIGHT OF GOD AND HIS LAW, IS A MURDERER."

The Rev. I. S. J. Gardner, of Boston, in a discourse delivered July 23, 1812, said:

"*It is a war unexampled in the history of the world:* wantonly proclaimed on the *most frivolous and groundless pretences*, against a nation from whose friendship we might derive the most singular advantages, and from whose hostility we have reason to dread the most tremendous losses."

And again, in the same sermon:

"THE UNION HAS BEEN LONG SINCE VIRTUALLY DISSOLVED; AND IT IS FULL TIME THAT THIS PART OF THE DISUNIONED STATES SHOULD TAKE CARE OF ITSELF."

This will show that political preaching is nothing new. And we may add, that it is nothing to be frightened at. The American Union and the democratic party have survived it, and will survive it while there is a spark of patriotism in the breasts of the American people. But of political preaching and political preachers, how can we better speak than in the language of that greatest of English statesmen and modern philosophers, Edmund Burke? The following are his words:

"Politics and the pulpit are terms that have little agreement. No sound ought to be heard in the church but the voice of healing charity. The cause of civil liberty and civil government gains as little as that of religion by the confusion of duties. Those who quit their proper character to assume what does not belong to them, are, for the greater part, ignorant both of the character they leave and the character they assume. Wholly unacquainted with the world, in which they are so fond of meddling, and inexperienced in all its affairs, on which they pronounce with so much confidence, they know nothing of politics but the passion they excite. Surely the church is the place where one day's truce ought to be allowed to the dissensions and animosities of mankind."

TRUE LIKENESSES.—Mr. GEO. H. AUXER, has taken a room in the Court House, where he is now ready to take Ambrotype and Daguerreotype Likenesses of all who may desire to have a true and beautiful picture of themselves or their friends. His specimens are numerous, and can be seen by any person calling at his room. Now is your time if you want a correct likeness of yourself or friends. Call and examine specimens. *

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Order Reigns in Kansas--The Wars are over--The Border Ruffians Gone.

Unless Lane with his banditti can kick up a muss, Kansas will now remain quiet. What new scheme the "screechers" will yet get up to make blood-and-thunder capital out of, remains to be seen. The New York *Tribune's* special correspondent, July 6th, writing from Lawrence, says:

"Never did the Free-State cause stand in greater jeopardy. We have more peace now than we have had for many months, and the lull witnesses an activity in agriculture, building and business affairs.

* * * * * * *

"This morning the work began on the new hotel. A considerable number of men went to work removing the ruins to clear the site for the new building. Three hearty cheers for the work were given before they began. Taking advantage of the peace for the last week or two, buildings have been going up very rapidly, and Lawrence again presents a flourishing aspect."

There's truth for you! There is peace in Kansas! Think of it! And *this* puts the Free-State cause in jeopardy—*i. e.*, the election of Fremont. What *will* the sectionalists do? Look out for some new card? The only thing that can minister to the diseased Free-soil cause is a fresh batch of murders, burnings, broils—a new rebellion—something to stir with—anything horrible. Look out!

The dreadful condition of the slavery agitators suggested to the *Jersey Telegraph* the following mode of relief:

"*Wanted.*—Some half dozen smooth-faced Aminadab Sleeks to station themselves somewhere on the Missouri line, to manufacture *'border-ruffian outrages,'* of the *steepest* kind, for 'down cast' consumption. Full employment given until November 4th, 1856.

"For further information apply to Ward Beecher, at the Church of the Holy Rifles, or of Horace Greeley, at the *Tribune* Office.

"P. S.—Political preachers preferred who are accustomed to 'shrieking for freedom' and 'bleeding Kansas' in the sacred desk on the Sabbath."

The Son of Henry Clay for Buchanan.

Our readers will remember that we stated, in a late number of our paper, that there was no truth in the allegations of the opposition that "Mr. BUCHANAN was the slanderer of HENRY CLAY," and that their personal relations were of the most hostile character. In substantiation of our position we gave the rumor that a son of Mr. CLAY was favorable to the election of Mr. BUCHANAN. Below will be found a verification of the rumor. Can any one, after reading the following, doubt that the most friendly relations existed between those two great cotemporary statesmen? Could the son support the slanderer of his father? Is not a son the most watchful guardian of his father's reputation? And had that reputation been injured would not the son resent it? Who will say nay to either of these interrogatories? Who will attempt to deceive the public in reference to the relations existing between Mr. B. and C., after reading the subjoined extract from a letter addressed to the Lexington *Statesman*, by JAMES B. son of HENRY CLAY?

There is also a statement copied into the *Observer and Reporter* of the 5th inst., "that I had been heard to say that I was not for Buchanan." I may have said that Mr. Buchanan was not my candidate, or was not my choice for the Presidency; but I have not said that I should not vote for him. I prefer Mr. Fillmore personally, and if he stood upon the same principles he did in 1850, I would vote for him in preference to any man I know. But I expect to cast my vote for that candidate who, in my opinion, may have the best chance to defeat the candidate of the Black Republican party, and, as at present advised, I think Mr. Buchanan has the best chance to do so. I wish it, nevertheless, to be distinctly understood that if I shall think it my duty to vote for Mr. Buchanan, I shall vote as an old-line Whig making a choice of what he believes to be evils, for the good of the country, and that whenever the Whig standard shall again be raised, adhering always to the principles which I have been instrumental in asserting at Lexington, and at Louisville, on the 3d of July, I shall be ready, fairly, honestly and fearfully, to battle against those principles and practices of the Democratic party which conflict with my own views.

MORE HELP—THE WHIGS.—We quote the following extract from that popular and influential paper, the *Spectator*, published at Erie, Pa.

It will be seen that the *Spectator* has always been, and now is, an old-line Whig. That in the present campaign, "*there being no Whig candidate*" in the field, it finds itself impelled by every feeling of patriotism to support Mr. BUCHANAN, as a man alike worthy of the honor, and the only one who can defeat the nominee of the black conspirators. The *Spectator* views Mr. Fillmore in the light in which he views himself, as having abandoned the Whig party, and having formally joined the American party.

"The proprietor of the German Erie *Spectator* would respectfully announce to his patrons that for the past eighteen years he has published a paper invariably devoted to the promotion of Whig principles. That as to the correctness of those principles his opinions remain unchanged, but in the present presidential canvass (there being no Whig in the field) his services shall be devoted to the success of the most experienced statesman of this nation, Pennsylvania's favorite son, James Buchanan. Believing that sectionalism forms no part of his political creed, and that all the diversified interests of this country would be faithfully protected under his administration, we cordially invite the co-operation of our patrons under his banner for the sake of the Union."

☞ Old Mr. Singlestick mystifies a tea-party by remarking that women were facts. When pressed to explain his meaning, he said—

"Facts are stubborn things."

Another Important Letter from William B. Reed, Esq.

THE DANGEROUS CHARACTER OF BLACK REPUBLICANISM EXPOSED.

The Democratic Committee of Franklin county having extended an earnest invitation to William B. Reed, Esq., of Philadelphia, to address the people at the mass meeting of the Democracy at Chambersburg, on 7th August next, that gentleman makes the following reply, in which he presents most conclusive reasons for sustaining Buchanan and Breckinridge:—

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 26, 1856.

GENTLEMEN—Absolute inability to speak in the open air will prevent me from uniting in your Mass meeting on the 7th of August, for I am very sure you will not be able to compress within any room built by hands all who will be with you in doing honor to Mr. Buchanan. Franklin county, if I mistake not, was his birth-place. Thence he started to win his way in life, and those, and the children of those, amongst whom he was born, will gladly and resolutely come forward to sustain him now. The intelligent, thrifty men of your county, descendants of the robust Scotch, Irish and German pioneers of the Cumberland Valley, will not be wanting at a crisis when civil and religious liberty and the Union of the States are endangered. To the multitude which will be sure to assemble there, I could not speak—much as I wish it—but my written words of sympathy and encouragement—of earnest anxiety for the success of the Democratic ticket at both the approaching elections, (one scarcely less important than the other,) I cannot withhold. I shall have my abundant reward if they influence a single reader. Take them, I beg you, for what they are worth. They are at least sincere and disinterested.

I have some associations with Franklin county which are peculiar. I have had friends there, in public and private life who, as contemporaries, were dear to me, and as my seniors, honored me by their counsel. Many of them have passed away—though some are still surviving. I was in the Legislature, on the same side of politics, too,—for I am not ashamed of my antecedents, and you would despise me were I to deny them—with David Fullerton and Thomas G. McCullok—and I am very sure, if they were alive now, they would be neither Know-Nothings nor Abolitionists, I served long with Thomas Carson, of Mercersburg, an honest and independent man,—and if there be any one whose private worth and dignified public integrity, I have been taught especially to respect, it is he who still lives honored and esteemed among you—George Chambers. These are the personal associations which affect me. May I allude to some others.

I remember, years ago, on a bright summer's afternoon, toiling up the turnpike road on the Cove mountain, in your county, and when I reached the summit, turning to gaze on as beautiful scene as ever gladdened my eye—the valley of peaceful beauty which stretches off to Maryland and towards the Potomac. It is a familiar scene to most of you. To me it was new, and its impression has never faded from my mind. As far as the eye could reach, there was fertility—the signs of tranquil industry; all was beautiful—all was peaceful—it looked, as it was, like the abode of a happy and united people. The political line, separating Pennsylvania from Maryland, traced by those old fashioned surveyors, Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, was visible to no eye. The trees on which they marked it had long been felled or disappeared. Many a farm was separated by it, but, except in the eye of the law, no one knew it or cared about it. I have often—for painful thoughts are thrusting themselves upon me—recalled that scene of actual beauty and united interest, and realized what it would be—what your condition will be—what must be the condition of every county of this Commonwealth lying on the Maryland line; Chester, Lancaster, York, Adams, Franklin, Fulton, Bedford, Somerset, Fayette and Greene; if disunion be forced on us, and the fracture be, as it would be, between what are popularly but falsely called the free and the slave States, between us and Maryland. I wish every man could be made to understand what a frontier is, even that of civilized life. Its daily, hourly vexations and dangers—its line of custom-houses to keep the smuggler in and out—the crowds of fugitives from justice and labor, infesting every avenue and concealed in every thicket—the murderer striking down his victim to-day and flying with the fresh blood on his hand to a foreign territory to-morrow—the bickering, the strife, the hot blood of conterminous dispute—all this would be the daily doom of every Southern county of this State; and across the beautiful valley I have spoken of would be distressingly visible, the actual, broad, perhaps bloody line which disunion must trace. This is true though hard to conceive. Pennsylvanians, and you, citizens of Franklin county, have so long reposed in the very centre of the Union, that you cannot understand how you become a frontier and how you will suffer when you do.

There was a time, before the Union was framed, unless my reading of history much misleads me, when these fancied dangers were realities. Let the Union be broken, and they will be realities again. I read in the history of your own county (and it applies to every border county) words which it is well to think of, for they may become truth again to-morrow:

"It surpassed," says a writer, "the powers of the settlers to curb the wild and lawless spirit of the traders and frontiers men. The Conocochcaque settlements were infested with bands of desperate marauders and counterfeiters, who bade defiance to all laws. They had an organized line through the Cumberland Valley into Virginia. They drove a brisk trade by stealing horses and cattle.—After the British retired, they carried on an extensive trade amongst themselves by stealing horses at the South; passing them along the line to the North where they could not be recognized, and exchanging them for others stolen at the North. The long narrow valleys and secluded coves of the Blue Mountain afforded a convenient route and secure hiding places. These were no shabby villains; they wore the finest dresses, sported the best horses, and could display more jewelry than any others in the settlements, and though the source of their sudden wealth was suspected, no one dared to prove it against them. When not engaged in stealing, they resorted to counterfeiting Continental money, and sauntering round the towns, passed it on travelers. If any one resisted or threatened to bring them to justice, his barn or crops were destroyed by fire." This is history, and why may it not become history again? It is the Union and the Constitution alone which prevent it—and you are asked to put them at risk.

This is no rhetorical exaggeration. It is the sure fore-cast of an inevitable truth—and I exaggerate as little when I say, that never until now, have I felt the danger of disunion to be imminent. I tremble, in no imaginary panic, but on sober conviction, when I think how near it may be—how sure in one event it must be. Let me in temperate and guarded language say why I think there is danger and how Mr. Buchanan's election can alone avert it.

There now lies before me as I write, a few words of prophetic wisdom, written long before the present division of parties arose, which are very striking. They are the words of John C. Fremont's father-in-law: "The substitution," says Mr. Benton in the early pages of his "Thirty Years," "of geographical parties discriminated by the slave line would, of course, destroy the just and proper action of the federal government, and lead eventually to the separation of States." "If," wrote Mr. Madison nearly forty years ago, when the danger was very far off, a state of parties should arise founded on geographical boundaries, what is to control these great repulsive masses from awful shocks against each other?" Now if these be words of wisdom, if such are to be the probable consequences of geographical parties strictly drawn, may not the trial of the Union be at hand? In speaking of geographical parties, no sane man means to say or ever has said, that the mere fact of the candidates for President and Vice President on a ticket, being from one section of the country, makes a party sectional or geographical. Our political history shows this is not so—and it may admit of some question, (Mr. Fremont's residence being rather ambulatory,) whether his is in this sense a sectional party now. No one yet knows exactly where the Vice President is to hail from. But that which makes a party sectional and geographical, is the principle which underlays it, the influence that controls it—the aggregate men that compose it, the flags that are flying over it; and looking at them now, when was there a party more intensely and malignantly sectional, more offensively geographical than that which in the last coinage of counterfeits, dares to call itself Republican. I have not time, nor is the work congenial to my taste, to point to the proof of this, so far as individuals are concerned. There is not a leading Abolition agitator in Pennsylvania who is not enrolled in the Republican ranks. You know it in your neighborhood. I see it in mine. The campaign is conducted on purely Abolition principles, and those principles are avowed to be, hostility to Southern interests, and insult to Southern feelings. Nay, further: so confessed is this sectionalism, that this Republican party does not pretend to ask a single electoral vote, or venture to circulate on an electoral ticket south of Pennsylvania. It is meant to be an absolute triumph of the North over the South. Nothing less will satisfy those who control it.

Now when it is said or foretold that to this the South cannot submit, and that in this refusal, the Union breaks asunder, I appeal to candid conservative men in the North, is there not reason in it? If the converse of the proposition could be stated, would the North submit? Certainly not, and that which is called disorganizing rebellion and treason now, would be honorable resistance then. It is painful to write or talk about such things, but we cannot shut our eyes to them. An Executive administration elected on the principles of the Republican party, and influenced by its spirits, could not organize itself—and when the hour of distraction and disunion comes, it will require a wiser and calmer intelligence than fanaticism can furnish to compose the storm—a hand stronger than that of an adventurer to hold the helm.

The danger is before us and around us.—As a citizen of the North, I have sought to conceal it from myself, but it will not down at my bidding. I do not draw this inference from the language of extreme men; but when I hear a Senator from Kentucky—a Whig Senator—a moderate and conservative man, within this month, in his place in the Senate, say—"I have never paid much attention to the talk about a dissolution of the Union; but I have often thought on the subject, and my conviction is that the election of Fremont, or any man of that party, is the knell of the Union"—(speech of Thompson, National *Intelligencer*, July 17.) When such words as these are uttered, not by the heated South, but by the temperate and loyal West, we have a right to say there is danger and very great danger too. The South on this subject of the Presidency, is not violent or loud, but its silence is very ominous and most impressive.

Mr. Buchanan stands before the nation—and this is the ground over which conservative men should come to his support—as the representative of the principle which alone can avert their evils, that of repression and extirpation of all agitation on this subject of slavery, let it come from what quarter it may. He has said in simple and earnest language, that this will be his aim. It must, for the good of the nation, come to an end. It can only be put an end to, by the strong moral power which a national man can exercise, and at a time when the relations of the Union are not disturbed but harmonized and reconciled by the expression of the popular will, rebuking decisively fanaticism of any sort;—and this rebuke the Northern and Middle States are bound to give. Without this co-operation, Mr. Buchanan may strive, and strive unsuccessfully to stay this noisy current of political agitation. With it, his success is easy, and the peace of the nation is secured. It is the conviction of this—aside altogether from personal regard that has brought me and thousands like me to his support.

For a Pennsylvania man—for one whose earliest lesson was reverence for the great principle which William Penn enunciated, and whose habits of thought and education make him adverse to secret or intolerant political organization, there was no other path open. That into which some inconsiderate people are now seduced, of what is known as the "American" organizations, can have no attraction for me or any conservative man.—Believing as I do, that Mr. Fillmore took more than one initiatory oath in a Know Nothing Lodge, by which he bound himself to proscribe politically his fellow citizens who professed one form of christian faith, and those who happened to have been born abroad, and to conform his opinions and regulate his political action by the decision of a secret, oath-bound, political club, I cannot vote for him. My antipathy to this secret and unconstitutional organization is no new feeling; I spoke it out long ago; I shall never change it. As one of the leaders of this party of intolerance, as one who gave to it the authority of his name and past position, I hold Mr. Fillmore responsible for a deep wound to the cause of political morality. If there is one thing about which the people of this country are and ought to be sensitive, it is their right to worship God as they please. They claim to worship God under such forms of ecclesiastical discipline as they choose to enforce upon themselves,—with such ceremonial, simple or elaborate, as they please, on such days, and in such places as they choose for themselves, and this great privilege of religious duty, the Constitution guards and protects. It is equally the privilege of all. There is not a Protestant who is not as much interested in guarding this constitutional right as the Catholic Christians whom Mr. Fillmore, and his secret confederates have sworn to proscribe. It was, I repeat, the worst wound ever inflicted on political morality in this country, when these secret oath-bound associations of religious intolerance were created. It was a sad spectacle when a statesman like Mr. Fillmore joined them.

Regretting once more that I am unable to be with you, and to say what I have thus written,

I am very respectfully, your friend,
WILLIAM B. REED.

To Messrs. Brewer, Reill, Nill, McClintock, Sinsiny, Democratic Executive Committee, Chambersburg.

The Hards and Softs United.

NEW YORK SAFE FOR BUCK. AND BRECK.—Both wings of the Democracy of the State of New York met in State Convention last week, and harmoniously agreed upon a State ticket and the Cincinnati platform. The *Pennsylvanian* says:

"The State ticket was named by acclamation, and it is one of which it may be said emphatically, that "the offices have sought the men." In a word, it would be difficult to conceive a more satisfactory result. But the feature of the reunion that is most gratifying, is, that it is based upon *the principles of the party proclaimed at Cincinnati*. The hearty good will with which the national platform is endorsed, will send a thrill of congratulation through every Democratic organization in the land. This action of the Convention at Syracuse has swept the great stronghold of the Black Republicans from under their feet. They are not left the shadow of a chance to carry New York. The great party which carried victory on its eagles in '32, '36, '44, and '52, is again in the field in one body, and animated by one mind. There can be no doubt as to the result."

Patriotic Old-Line Whigs.

At a democratic ratification meeting held in Springwells, Michigan, a few days since, Judge Bacon, an active and zealous old-line whig, was called to the chair. The Detroit Free Press says:

"Upon taking the chair the Judge stated that he had heretofore acted with the whig party; that he had been a warm and earnest supporter of Mr. Clay; that he had loved the old party and revered its gallant and patriotic leader, and that it was with regret that he found himself, in common with thousands, without a party. He had witnessed the old whig organization broken into fragments, each of which was warring directly or indirectly against the Union. In this national crisis—when there was danger threatening our confederacy—he found but one course to pursue, but one party with which to unite, and that to-day he identified himself with that party which professed an earnest and sincere desire to preserve the Union at all hazards. With it he would take up his political habitation, and with it remain so long as it proved true to the constitution and the Union."

So they come—so they will continue to come—these patriotic old-line whigs!

WAS HUGH CORRIGAN MURDERED?—Notwithstanding the elaborate inquisition into the cause of the death of Hugh Corrigan, it is not clear to the minds of all, that the unfortunate criminal actually committed suicide. The Greensburgh "Argus" intimates that he might have been poisoned in order to prevent the completion of a confession which he was making, and which it was alleged, would implicate citizens of Westmoreland county, in murders and robberies. The "Argus," in referring to the verdict of the jury, says:

"The 'true intent and meaning' of this verdict is that the jury was not satisfied that Hugh Corrigan committed suicide, in the legal acceptation of the word. That the poison was prepared by scientific hands, all are satisfied, and that some of the poisonous substances found in his stomach are not to be had or kept by physicians, and all only in extensive drug stores. Any one of them was sufficient to destroy life, yet it was possible for one or more of the poisons to be taken into the stomach, and that organ to be in a situation, to permit the poison to lie dormant for a considerable time, or be ejected without fatal effects. Antidotes might have been applied and life saved. But with the compound of deadly poisons found in his stomach, death is inevitable and fearfully speedy.

"It is well known that the deceased had told several gentlemen that he knew of several robberies and murders that had been committed in this neighborhood. That the guilty perpetrators were not far off, and were not suspected. One was that of John Winn, who died many years ago in Blairsville, from the effects of arsenic administered to him by a person he refused to name. Winn was robbed of a sum of money.

"Another was a pedlar murdered in Derry township and five hundred dollars of money taken from him. He denied all participation in the murders, but said he knew the perpetrators. He said that if he must be hung, there were three or four in the county that ought to share the same fate. Mr. Keenan had written from his own lips a history of his early life, and he had made arrangements to make a clean breast to Mr. K. on Sabbath and Monday. Our own opinion is that the deadly compound was prepared for him by some skillful hand, at the instance of some one who dreaded further developments, and to whom it was all important that his lips should be more speedily sealed in death, than the law contemplated. The deadly compound, serreptitiously conveyed to him by some one permitted to visit him in his cell, and told by them, that it would soothe and calm the nervous excitement under which he was laboring. This opinion is supported by the fact, that on Saturday evening, he desired Mr. Keenan to visit his cell on Sabbath morning, and complete his biography."

Fremont's Biography.

A millionaire without a dollar—a statesman without a speech—a legislator almost without a vote—a military chieftain without a battle. Make room for Col. Fremont—the gentleman who is never in the right place at the right time.

THE HUNTINGDON GLOBE, A DEMOCRATIC FAMILY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS, &C.

THE GLOBE.

Huntingdon, Wednesday, August 6, 1856.

Line upon Line--here and there a Little.

PUBLIC OPINION.—We copy the subjoined items as indicative of the public opinion against the low lazzaroni of the *Journal*, who have again turned like dogs to their vomit.—They refuse to "face the music"—refuse to retract—refuse us an opportunity to convict them of the charges of crime made against them in consequence of their slanders against the characters of their neighbors. But we are determined to fasten their lies upon them—to hold them up to the scorn and reprobation of the press and people everywhere:

A FAIR OFFER.—That made by the *Globe* man to the editors of the *Journal*. Will "Sammy" and "Billy" make good their assertions. They will no doubt, find a hard road to travel."—*Shirleysburg Herald.*

A FAIR PROPOSITION—That made by our neighbor of the *Globe*, to the editors of the *Journal*. Will they "face the music?"—*Huntingdon American.*

☞The Democracy of Cambria have nominated their county ticket. G. Nelson Smith, editor of the Johnstown *Echo*, was renominated for the Legislature.

☞The old line Constitutional Whigs in every direction are fast falling into the Democratic ranks. "New occasions teach men new duties."

ANOTHER CHANCE FOR THE LADIES—The Auction at Col. Geo. Gwin's store, commencing on Saturday next, and to continue during Court weeks.

☞The U. S. Senate has passed a bill providing for the compulsory prepayment of all *transient* printed matter. Right.

BROAD TOP COAL.—Seven thousand tons were taken from four openings during the month of July, and shipped to the east by Rail Road and Canal.

☞From every part of the county we hear of the right spirit prevailing in the Democratic ranks. Many of the best men who a year ago were with the opposition, are now with us.

☞The handsome residence of Major Steel has been purchased by Mr. John Armitage. The Major, we learn, intends to locate at Bellefonte. Sorry for it.

ON A BUST—Some of the b'hoys on Saturday night.

NIPPED IN THE BUD—Samuel G. Whittaker alias "Gabe, Jr." self-appointed Chairman of the Republican County Committee, after serving one week, was compelled by the force of circumstances, to resign! Dr. John McCulloch occupies his place.

☞"Sambo! de boarders all left de table at the 'Exchange Hotel,' at dinner, yesterday."

"What for, Bones?"

"What for! bekase dey were all done eating."

MUM—Wm. Brewster and Samuel G. Whittaker, editors of the *Journal*, on the $100 proposition. They begin to feel that the community see them as they are. They see the finger of scorn pointed at them from every direction.

WHO IS TO BLAME?—If men of all parties look upon *all* the assertions of the *Journal* as false. By the refusal of the editors to accept our propositions they have admitted that their charges against us are false. Will they retract?

THE LEADERS.—The leading operators for the Fremont cause are the ultra Abolitionists. The leading operators for the Fillmore cause are ultra Know Nothings.

☞Court commences on Monday next. We expect to see and hear from a number of our friends. Remember, we have an extensive and expensive campaign before us.—Put your shoulders to the wheel.

☞The colored population had a celebration on Friday last. They made a very creditable appearance, and we learn they enjoyed themselves well at the grove back of town, where several speeches were made.

☞The Abolition papers are getting short of "Kansas Atrocities," heretofore their only stock in trade, and are now commencing back and repeating all the stale falsehoods which they have manufactured for the last six months.—The caning of Sumner was a perfect God-send to them—and accordingly they cling to it with the desperation of a drowning man to the last plank. Gentlemen, it won't win. It is too long to election. The humbug will have exploded, and the people become disgusted with it and its authors long before the canvass closes.

☞The New York *Independent*, a sort of infidel paper which pretends to be religious, has openly come out for the black republican Presidential nominees. It is also the advocate of murder, and various other pleasing Christian virtues.

YANKEE DOODLE.—At the Fourth of July dinner in Boston, the following toast was offered:

"Yankee Doodle—The tune to which our fathers marched to victory. May their sons, as they commemorate Yankee Doodle *do*, never forget what Yankee Doodle *did*."

COOL.—The *Journal* of last week denounces a number of "American" candidates as old office-seekers, and in the same column recommends *Gov.* John Williamson, the prince of office-seekers, for Congress. Go it, ye woolly-heads!

☞It turns out after all that Greeley and Bennett don't go for Jessie Fremont. They go for *Mary Posa*, a different female altogether.

KEEP IT UP.—One of the Abolition Know Nothing Republican writers from Lawrence, Kansas, to the New York *Times*, says to the editor:

"You must keep up this Kansas excitement. It is the only element of success for the Republican party in the coming Presidential election."

NOBLE SENTIMENTS.—We join ourselves to no party that does not carry the flag and keep step with the music of the Union.—*Rufus Choate.*

I have been born a Whig; but if the Whig party degenerates into a contemptible Abolition party, I will no longer be a Whig.—*Henry Clay.*

☞A new Know Nothing Society has been recently established in St. Louis, of which the *Democrat* says: "They have abolished the religious test, as none who have yet applied have any religion, and it was thought best, therefore, to make their ritual short and sweet."

☞Wm. Howes, a journeyman printer in Montgomery, Alabama, recently came in possession of $75,000. The fattest take he ever had.

☞Arrison, the torpedo man, has been convicted of manslaughter at Cincinnati, upon the third trial.

THE GOSPEL OF ST. BEECHER—"Go ye into all the world, and *shoot* the gospel at every creature."—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

☞It is said that Col. Benton, when he heard the news of Fremont's nomination for the Presidency, remarked, in a boisterous manner: "Why, Fremont is a simpleton, sir; he is a simpleton, sir; and a fool, sir, to permit the Abolitionists to use his name, sir. They think he has money, sir; and that he will bleed, sir; and, by ———, sir, they have set him up to cheat and swindle him, sir. They are a pack of political knaves, sir."

☞T. J. Fox Alden, Esq., an eminent lawyer of Pittsburg, died at his residence near that city, on Friday last.

CONVICTED—Jim Davis, the murderer of Johnston at Hollidaysburg, was tried last week and convicted of murder in the second degree.

THE TRUTH AT LAST.—The Black Republican leaders are hypocrites of the darkest dye—blacker than the blackest niggers they pretend to worship. It is not to prevent the extension of slavery they are fighting, not a whit of it, but simply to attain political power, the loaves and fishes of office, as the following from Dr. Cutter, a lecturer on Kansas troubles, at a fusion meeting in Vermont, abundantly proves. He said:

"IF YOU WOULD CARRY THE ELECTION NEXT NOVEMBER KEEP BLOODY OUTRAGES IN KANSAS BEFORE THE EYES OF THE PEOPLE. YOU HAVE NO OTHER PLANK. SETTLE THIS QUESTION AND YOU ARE DEFEATED."

☞Among other silly notices displayed at a late Know Nothing Fremont meeting in Hartford, was the following:

"We neither knock down Senators nor shoot Irish waiters!"

Oh, no! you hang Senators in effigy for "freedom of speech" in Connecticut, and shoot Irish and German voters in Cincinnati, St. Louis, Louisville and New Orleans. You burn no Ursuline Convents, "*Hiss*" no timid girls at Catholic institutions; rob no churches. Oh, no!—*New York Daily News.*

☞The Gospel says, "love one another." Mr. Beecher says "shoot one another"—and that he considers it a shame to shoot at a man and not hit him!

☞The Lebanon *Advertiser* says, that the "old line Clay Whigs in that locality declare their intention to support and vote for James Buchanan at the fall election.

"Speeches were made by Prof. Levi Murrels and other prominent Dimmycrats."—*Journal.*

☞It happens that the "culled" celebration was purely a *Black Republican* one, and so the Professor styled it in his speech, according to report. Try again, woolly heads!

BACKED OUT—The Republicans, from holding a County Convention to nominate a ticket.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE GLOBE.

MR. EDITOR:—The citizens of our quiet village were thrown into some excitement upon the 23d ult., by the announcement that J. Sewell Stewart, Esq., of your borough, would address them that evening, on the exciting political issues of the day. All seemed anxious to hear what Mr. Stewart had to say, as it was understood he is a candidate for nomination to the State Senate, and therefore would define his position on the Presidential question. When night came, a respectable "crowd" collected in front of the stand, (which by the way was the porch of a private dwelling) whereupon the Speaker made his appearance. He commenced his harangue by saying that he did not come before the people to detract from the private character of any of the candidates now claiming their suffrages for the Presidency. But, he continued, as far as the public acts of Mr. Buchanan are concerned, they are open to animadversion and criticism. Then he made a great ado about the Ostend manifesto, and strongly denounced Gen. Walker and his government. At this point, evidently perceiving that the audience were becoming weary of the refractory exhalations of a disordered brain, he attempted to excite their risibility by relating an alleged anecdote, as follows: A woman in Baltimore had some strawberries for sale. A gentleman stepped up to her and inquired the price per glass. She replied, "a Jimmy." The man seized with wonder demanded an explanation. When it was responded that James Buchanan was in favor of "ten cents"—a day for the laboring man, and that was the price of her berries. This is elegant, indeed, to come from a candidate for the dignified office of State Senator.—But Mr. Stewart is to be pitied for his signal failure to meet the expectations of his auditors—for not having the candor to avow his preference of the Presidential candidates. He labored under great difficulty lest he might affront either the friends of Fillmore or Fremont. He left the stage without the least demonstration of applause or assurance that what he had been saying, was believed by one who heard it. So much for the firing of the first "campaign gun."

Cassville, Pa. EURIPIDES.

Associate Judge.

MR. LEWIS—You will please announce that it is the desire of many Democrats that THOMAS WESTON of Warriorsmark township, should be nominated as one of the candidates for Associate Judge. Yours,

MANY DEMOCRATS.

MR. EDITOR:—The Democratic voters of this township, and I think of the county at large, would very much like to have the pleasure of supporting for County Commissioner so good a man in every respect for that office, as JOHN LOVE of Barree. It is hoped the Convention will nominate him. WEST.

California News.

The following extract from the report of Volney E. Howard, to Governor Johnston, of California, in relation to the recent disturbances, will show the actual state of affairs in the State. The report is published in the San Francisco *Herald*, of July 4, the only paper in that city that opposes the action of the Committee:

SIR:—In pursuance of your orders of June 10th, I proceeded to the city of San Francisco, to take command of the Second Military Division, and proceeded to muster into the service the Volunteer Companies which were organized.

In no instance did I depart from your orders—to act strictly on the defensive; neither was it my intention to act in any other than that of repelling an attack by the insurgents. Indeed the position in which I found myself—without money and with only a few arms—rendered any other course impossible. We had not the necessary means to form even an efficient encampment; and I therefore thought it advisable to let the companies continue their drills in their various armories, without making any demonstration on the street.

An affair occurred on the 21st—Saturday—which resulted in an open armed demonstration by the insurgents upon the volunteer companies mustered into service under your orders. Between the hours of two and three o'clock of the day, it seems that a man named Hopkins, with an armed party, acting under the orders of the so-called Vigilance Committee, proceeded to the rooms of the Hon. David S. Terry, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, and Doctor Richard P. Ashe, for the purpose of arresting Mr. Reuben Moloney. Mr. Moloney refused to recognize their authority, and subsequently left the rooms, and, in company with Judge Terry and Dr. Ashe, proceeded up Jackson street. While Judge Terry was proceeding quietly in the street, Hopkins rushed upon the Judge and attempted to disarm him, by seizing a gun which the Judge held in his hand. A scuffle ensued, in which Hopkins, failing to wrest the gun from the Judge, attempted to draw a pistol from behind. Judge Terry then drew a knife, and inflicted a wound with it upon Hopkins. It is needless to say that on the statement of facts as represented to me, had Hopkins been killed, it would have been a clear case of justifiable homicide on the part of Judge Terry.

When this occurrence took place, I was on business on Montgomery street. As soon as I was informed of it, I went immediately to the rooms of Messrs. Terry and Ashe, but learned they were in the Armory on Dupont street. I proceeded thither, but found the door barred and Vigilance Committee people in possession of the entrance and street in front. The alarm bell of the Vigilance Committee was immediately sounded, and all the streets in the neighborhood at once filled with the military of the Committee, armed with muskets, and a multitude of citizens, all rushing together in wild confusion, and many of them clamoring for the death of Judge Terry.

About this time Dr. Ashe opened one of the second story windows of the Armory, and said that, on the part of Judge Terry, himself and others, they left the whole affair to an arrangement between myself and the Vigilance Committee. I proceeded to demand an interview with the Committee, and, after some difficulty, succeeded in getting an interview with William T. Coleman and two other members of the Committee, who said that they had authority to confer with me. I stated the circumstances as I had learned them, and demanded that Judge Terry should be allowed to go into the hands of the civil authorities, and pledged myself that he should be safely kept to abide his trial. Dr. Ashe had already informed me from the window that the Judge was in the possession of the police. I represented to these men that Judge Terry could not be arrested and tried by the Vigilance Committee without danger of an immediate collision of arms, which would involve the peace of the whole State, the consequences of which no one could foresee. Mr. Coleman spoke of moderation, and departed with his associates to confer, as they said, with other members of the Committee. They presently returned, and said they believed they understood and wished I would communicate with them in writing. I immediately addressed a letter to Mr. Coleman and the other members of the Committee, demanding that Judge Terry should be left in the hands of the civil authorities, or, if in the power of the Committee, should be restored to them. To this communication there was a verbal answer that there was no reply.

In the meantime, the military of the Committee had surrounded the house in which Judge Terry was situated, planted cannon in front of it, and succeeded in arresting the Judge and Dr. Ashe; but under what pledges or assurances from the Committee, if any, I have not learned, as up to ten o'clock at night all communication with Judge Terry or Dr. Ashe had been refused to their friends.

There were stationed at the different armories, at this time, only a small guard over the arms. In a few of them portions of the companies collected as fast as possible; but they were instantly surrounded by the Military of the Committee in large force, and compelled to surrender.—Resistance would have been madness in the face of such an overwhelming force. Their arms were seized and taken to the rooms of the Committee and many of the men arrested and marched as prisoners to the fort of the insurgents.

I have also to report that the arms (113 stand) delivered on your requisition to the State by General Wool, while in the custody of two officers of the State, in a small vessel, on their way to San Francisco, were seized by an armed party of the Vigilance Committee, who had been sent from the city for that purpose in a vessel armed with cannon and muskets: That when one of their officers demanded their authority, they produced the well known seal and authority of the Committee, and read it, commanding the seizure. I also learn that the arms shipped from Sacramento were subsequently seized in the same way. Thus has this lawless band of men added piracy to their other crimes and enormities.

Seeing that there was no hope of effecting anything in the city for the defence and protection of those arrested, I have esteemed it my duty to report all the circumstances to your Excellency that you may take such action as your judgment may suggest.

The circumstances connected with this movement are such as to leave no doubt on my mind that the insurgents aim at nothing less than an entire overthrow of the State government and secession from the Federal Union. If it had been their purpose to disband in a short period, they would not have committed piracy by robbing a vessel of a small quantity of arms upon the Bay. They would not subsequently have levied actual war upon the State by surrounding the armories by a large military force and seizing the State arms, and making prisoners of the men guarding them—especially they knew that your orders were that I should act on the defensive, and that I had no power or means to pursue any other line of conduct. It must be obvious to all men of ordinary discernment, that this lawless association has proceeded from one crime and outrage to another until they have arrived at the conclusion that there is no safety for their leaders but in revolution and a seperate government on the Pacific.

The following article from the "Free Californian," of June 10, gives some idea of the designs of the Vigilance Committee:

THE REVOLUTION.—A few days since, we declared that the present movement of the great masses of the people was itself a reaction in favor of law and order. We felt confident that the rising tide of a people's indignation would not subside in the small circuit of our own community, and we have now the most irrefragable evidence, that it is rolling with the strength of an ocean wave throughout the entire State. God be thanked! our shackles are falling in the dust. The musty cobwebs of law, that were held up before us with such pompous awe, have been swept away as by a whirlwind. The hypocritical cry of "order," "order!" could not turn the people aside from their great work of regeneration; nor the empty formula of a still-born proclamation fright them from their purpose. The good work goes on bravely. San Francisco is regenerate, but there are hangers on to the Capital that ought to be and must be forced into retirement.

The Governor must either recede from his obstinate position, and thus forfeit his honor, or he must retire before the storm. Let him resign. The Supreme Court Judges have desecrated their offices, the one by a life of debauchery, the other by leaguing himself with the enemies of good government, morality and virtue, and they too must quit the bench; they must resign.

It cannot be any longer concealed—a Revolution is at hand! The people are resuming the power which they confided to unworthy hands, and he who opposes their right to do so will be swallowed up in the convulsion.

Let the people all over the State assemble immediately, and organize themselves into Vigilance Committees, and take the initiatory steps to preserve the public peace during the struggle, if any shall dare to oppose the march of events. Gamblers, incendiaries and murderers have sown the wind; let them now reap the whirlwind.

Let every office they fill be torn from them; and though some of them may hold a Marshal's baton, and others be clothed in the ermine of justice, let them all suffer the same fate and be expelled from the country.

In order to accomplish this purpose, the government should be re-organized. We propose, therefore, that a Constitutional Convention be at once called, to meet in the city of Sacramento, on the Fourth Day of July, and there declare anew our Independence.

The present Constitution is full of faults and imperfections. The masterly speech of Senator Shaw, last winter, demonstrated most conclusively that it ought to be remodelled. Now is the time to take action on this all-important subject. At one full swoop, we can get clear of officers who disgrace themselves and their country by conduct worthy only of the brothel, and inaugurate a new era of moral, social and political reform.

People of California, are you willing any longer to be the slaves of gamblers, ruffians and prostitutes? If not, the road is open to redress; will you pursue it?

DEMOCRATIC MEETING AT HOPEWELL.—The Democracy of the townships in the neighborhood of Hopewell, Bedford county, will hold a Democratic meeting in a grove near that place, on the 21st inst. A number of able speakers will be present. The Democracy, and the well behaved of the opposition parties, far and near, are invited to attend.

☞Hon. George W. Woodward, of the Supreme Court, has consented to deliver the annual address at the exhibition of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society, which commences in Pittsburg, on the 29th of September next. Judge Woodward has given much attention to the subject of Agriculture, both as a science and an art, and will no doubt do ample justice to his theme. The address will be delivered on the last day of the exhibition, which will be the 3rd of October.

$100.

☞WILLIAM BREWSTER, and

☞SAMUEL G. WHITTAKER,

Editors of the "Huntingdon Journal."

These individuals have charged us with "owing our present freedom to executive "clemency" and with being "a pardoned con-"vict." And further, that we are a "Roman "Catholic—a Jesuit—bound by all the popish "rites and ceremonies of the Roman Church—"chained to the car of the anti-Christ of the "seven-hilled city, by all the forms, oaths, "and obligations required by that Pontiff."

The truth is expected from men occupying the positions they do, as editors of a public journal and members of a Christian church. They disgrace both these positions by their bold and malicious LIES.

The charges Brewster and Whittaker have made against us we pronounce FALSE, and shall continue to do so, and keep them posted throughout the county as the most INFAMOUS LIARS until they retract their falsehoods or accept the propositions we now make.

We propose that William Brewster and Samuel G. Whittaker select a committee of five respectable gentlemen, citizens of Huntingdon, from their own political party, and their own church,—said committee to sit with open doors on any day previous to August Court, to hear evidence to justify the above charges, and to report under oath. The report to be published in the "Journal" and "Globe."

If said committee report that we owe our present freedom to executive clemency, or that we are a pardoned convict—a Roman Catholic—"bound by the popish rites and ceremonies of the Roman Church, we agree to pay into their hands the sum of one hundred dollars—$25 to pay expenses of committee—$25 to pay Brewster and Whittaker for their trouble and attendance; and $50 to be presented to the Huntingdon Brass Band.

If Brewster and Whittaker fail to convince the Committee that the charges they have made against us are true, they shall pay expenses of Committee and present to the Huntingdon Brass Band the sum of $50.

Will William Brewster and Samuel G. Whittaker *face the music?* Will they make us as liberal an offer to sustain the charges we have made against them? We shall see.

☞The above propositions have been before Brewster and Whittaker for two weeks. They have not been accepted—neither have the *honorable* editors taken back the falsehoods. We ask every honorable man to place himself in our position, and then ask himself, "*How shall the rascals be punished?*"

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Plain and Fancy Printing.

Job work of all kinds—such as Handbills, Circulars, Business, Visiting, and Show Cards, Tickets, Bill Heads, Deeds, Mortgages, and all kinds of blanks, &c., &c., &c. neatly printed at the "GLOBE" Job Office, Huntingdon, Pa.

☞Specimens of "GLOBE" printing can be seen at the office—which will satisfy everybody that it is no longer necessary to go to Philadelphia for neat work. Call and see for yourselves.

Ambrotypes and Daguerreotypes.

E. P. PRETTYMAN respectfully informs the public that he is now perpared to take Daguerreotypes and Ambrotypes on glass, put up with double or single glass.

Rooms at the Station House, Huntingdon Pa.

Blanks of all kinds,

Neatly printed and for sale at the "Globe," Office—such as Blank Deeds, Mortgages, Judgment and Common Bonds, Agreements, Leases, Judgment and Promissory Notes, Notes relinquishing all benefits of exemption laws, License Bonds, and all blanks used by Justices of the Peace.

The Cars for Broad Top and Bedford.

The Passenger trains leave the Depot at Huntingdon at 7½ A. M., and 5 P. M.;—returning arrive at Huntingdon, 2 and 9 P. M. Passengers for Bedford take four horse coaches at Christy's Cut on the Hopewell branch.

The Public

Generally are invited to call at the New Drug Store of WM. WILLIAMS, & Co. Every article usually to be found in the best establishments of the kind, can be had, fresh and pure, at their Store, in Market Square, Huntingdon. See advertisement in another column.

For Ready-Made Clothing,

Wholesale or retail, call at H. ROMAN'S Clothing Store, opposite Couts' Hotel, Huntingdon, Pa., where the very best assortment of goods for men and boys' wear may be found, at low prices.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

MONDAY, August 4.

The FLOUR market is exceedingly quiet, the demand being limited both for export and home consumption. The only transactions reported are in small lots at $6 50@$6 62½ ₰ barrel, for fresh ground from old Wheat; $7 25 for fresh ground new Wheat, and $7 25@7 50 for extra. Nothing doing in Rye Flour or Corn Meal—the latter is scarce and wanted at $3 ₰ barrel.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat have materially fallen off, and it is in demand at a further advance. Sales of 5000 bushels Southern and Pennsylvania at $1 55@1 60 ₰ bushel for fair and prime red, and $1 63@1 70 for white, afloat and in store. Rye sells on arrival at 71 cents. Corn is in demand at 70 cents for prime yellow, but the market is entirely bare.

MARRIED.

On the 29th ultimo, at the Jackson Hotel, by the Rev. D. Shoaff, JAMES EWING of Newton Hamilton, Mifflin county, and ROSANNA MONTGOMERY of Huntingdon county.

DIED,

MR. ISAAC CRAMER, of Spruce Creek, Huntingdon county, departed this life on the morning of the 31st of July. Mr. Cramer was born June 10th, 1785, and having lived to the good old age of 71 years 1 month and 21 days, has left us, to try the realities of the spiritual world, and reap the reward of a strictly pious and well spent life.

Once more we hear the solemn notes,
That break the death-like silence, where
The ties of earthly friendship's broke,
While dust to dust is mingled there.

The earth who folds the human race,
Within her bosom, calls once more—
Leaves but alas to us a trace,
Where kindred ties were sweet before.

Just have we heard the mournful sound,
Where lonely sleep the silent dead;
Which soothes a tear from those around,
And moists his last retiring bed.

Age hath no sorrow, death no fear,
If Christ hath called us for his own;
Sweet bliss of heaven demands no tear,
Where spirits bow before his throne.

There angels dwell in realms of light,
And bask in one eternal day,
And sing God's praise with sweet delight,
While countless ages pass away.

W. B. P.

DELEGATE ELECTION.—The Democratic voters of the borough of Huntingdon will meet at the Town Hall on Saturday evening next, 9th inst., for the purpose of electing two delegates to represent said voters in a Democratic County Convention to be held in Huntingdon on the 13th August. Polls open from 7 to 8½ p. m.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the Estate of Thomas McCabe, late of Franklin township, Huntingdon county, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned Administrator, all persons indebted to said Estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement to OWEN McCABE,
August 6, 1856.* Administrator.

COAL MINES FOR RENT.—The Huntingdon and Broad Top Rail Road Company have now, in addition to their mines already in operation, two more opened and ready to lease. For terms apply to
L. T. WATTSON,
No. 56 Walnut street, Philadelphia,
or JAMES BOON,
August 6, 1856-3t. Superintendent, Huntingdon.
☞Democratic Standard, Hollidaysburg, insert 3 times, and charge this office.

AGRICULTURAL MEETING.—A meeting of the Huntingdon County Agricultural Society will be held at the Court House in the borough of Huntingdon, on Wednesday evening, 13th of August. The members of the Society, and farmers and mechanics generally, are invited to attend, as business of great importance will be transacted.

The Executive Committee will meet at 3 o'clock in the afternoon to make arrangements for holding a County Agricultural Fair. J. S. BARR,
August 6, 1856. Secretary.

NEW GOODS.—Just received, a variety of articles at the corner of Smith and Alleghany streets, Cedar and Willow ware, Axes, double and single bit, Stoves, Iron Kettles, Plough Shears, &c., &c., wholesale and retail. GEO. HARTLEY.

AUCTION ROOM.—Having fitted up an Auction Room adjoining his store, the undersigned will sell off part of his stock by auction, every Saturday evening, and during the Court, until disposed of. Persons having any articles of furniture or merchandize, to dispose of, by sending the same to the Auction Room in his charge, can have sales made to the best advantage, on moderate charges—or if the owners prefer attending to their sales, they can have the use of the Auction Room a day, week, &c., at moderate charges. GEO. HARTLEY.
Huntingdon, August 6, 1856-3t.

LOST—On Wednesday the 30th ult., a GOLD BREAST-PIN, with three settings of hair, and marked E. H. C. The finder leaving it at this office will be liberally rewarded, August 6, 1856.

ATTENTION!—The Commissioned officers of the 4th Brigade 14th Division P. M., are ordered to meet in citizens dress at Spruce Creek on Wednesday, August 13th, at 6 o'clock p. m.
August 6, 1856. GEORGE DARE, Major.

A RARE OPPORTUNITY FOR OBTAINING A HOME IN THE WEST.—The undersigned offers to sell 4000 acres of fine tillable prairie land in a good healthy locality, within 85 miles of Chicago, on the Chicago, Alton and St. Louis Rail Road, in Livingston county, Illinois. Will sell any number of acres to suit purchasers, and the terms of payment made to suit the circumstances of any persons that have too small a capital to open a farm on their strength. Men of large families can never have the same opportunity for getting a comfortable home. The proprietor of the land having a large farm opened, would give employment at good wages to purchasers that have more help than they need.

Will be found at the Exchange Hotel, until after the 1st September. Persons desiring to move to the West within 18 months, will do well to call.
JONATHAN DUFF,
Huntingdon, August 5, 1856. Agent.

LEAD PIPE for sale at the Hardware Store, Huntingdon.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned appointed Auditor to distribute the balance in the hands of John K. Metz, Administrator of William Martin, late of Brady township, dec'd., will attend for that purpose at his office in the borough of Huntingdon, on *Tuesday the seventh day of August next, at ten o'clock*—all persons interested are required to present their claims before the said Auditor or be debarred from coming in for a share of such balance, assets or fund.
A. W. BENEDICT, Auditor.
July 9, 1856.

ROWAND'S Improved Tonic Mixture, for Fever and Ague, at WILLIAMS & CO'S.

THE FINEST assortment of Fancy Cassimeres ever offered; Vestings and Coat Cassimers, and at lower prices than can be purchased at any other House, for sale by J. & W. SAXTON.

OIL—Linseed and Fish—for sale at the store of LOVE & M'DIVIT.

DR. GREEN'S Aromatic Sap, for Stomach Complaints, for sale at the Variety Store of WM. WILLIAMS & CO.

KEYSTONE STATE SAPONIFIER, or CONCENTRATED LYE, warranted to make soap without lye, and with little trouble. It makes hard, soft, and fancy soaps. For sale at the cheap Drug and Fancy Store of WM. WILLIAMS & CO.,
Market Square, Huntingdon, Pa.

SWAINE'S PANACEA, the greatest remedy for Scrofula, for sale at the Cheap Drug Store of WM. WILLIAMS & CO.

BROWN'S ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER, for sale by WM. WILLIAMS & CO.

HILLIER'S Excelsior furniture Polish, for Piano Fortes and Oil Paintings, at WM. WILLIAMS & CO'S.

BALSAM SULPHUR for sale by WM. WILLIAMS & CO.

FRESH lot of Clarified Table Oil for sale by WM. WILLIAMS & CO.

BALSAM FIR for sale at the Cheap Drug Store of WM. WILLIAMS & CO.

PRIME lot of Farina, just received and for sale at WILLIAMS & CO'S.

WRIGHT'S Hair Regenerator or Amber Gloss, for sale at WILLIAMS & CO'S.

TEAS from 15 to 22 cents per quarter, at LOVE & M'DIVIT'S.

FLOUR—Always on hand and for sale at LOVE & M'DIVIT'S GROCERY.

LEMON SYRUP, a genuine article, for sale by WM. WILLIAMS & CO.

Fresh lot of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for sale at Williams & Co's Cheap Drug Store.

SCHENCK'S Pulmonic Syrup for the cure of Consumption, for sale by WM. WILLIAMS & CO'S.

HUSBAND'S celebrated Calcined Magnesia, for sale at the CHEAP DRUG STORE, Market Square, Huntingdon, Pa.

TOBIAS' Venetian Liniment, for sale by WM. WILLIAMS & CO.

DR. JOHN BULL'S Sarsaparilla, and DR. TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA, for sale at the cheap Drug Store, by WM. WILLIAMS & CO.

BAY RUM—A genuine article for sale by WM. WILLIAMS & CO.

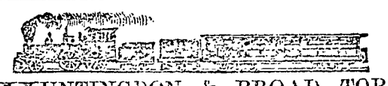
FANCY SOAPS, At the Cheap Store of WM. WILLIAMS & CO.

GENUINE Electric Oil for sale at the CHEAP DRUG STORE, Market Square.

SPERMACETI, a prime lot, for sale by WM. WILLIAMS & CO.

R. A. DORSEY. JAS. DOUGHERTY.

DORSEY & DOUGHERTY, Wholesale Dealers in TOBACCO AND SEGARS, No. 11 North Fifth Street, Philadelphia. [July 8, 1856.



HUNTINGDON & BROAD TOP RAIL ROAD. A NEW AND DIRECT ROUTE TO BEDFORD SPRINGS! SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Tuesday July 15, 1856, Trains will leave daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

STATIONS.	A.M.		P.M.
Leave Huntingdon	7.30	Arrive	2.15
" McConnellstown	7.45	"	2.02
" Plensant Grove	8.04	"	1.54
" Marklesburg	8.15	"	1.43
" Coffee Run	8.25	"	1.32
" Rough & Ready	8.33	"	1.24
" Fishers' Summit	8.45	"	1.13
" Saxton	9.05	"	12.55
" Christy's	9.20	"	12.40
Arrive at Hopewell	9.35	Leave	12.25
	P.M.		P.M.
Leave Huntingdon	5.30	Arrive	9.10
" M'Connellstown	5.43	"	8.55
" Pleasant Grove	5.51	"	8.47
" Marklesburg	6.02	"	8.35
" Coffee Run	6.13	"	8.24
" Rough & Ready	6.21	"	8.16
" Fishers' Summit	6.32	"	8.05
" Saxton	6.50	"	7.45
" Christy's	7.10	Leave	7.30

The morning train for the mines and Bedford will connect with the Philadelphia train west at Huntingdon.—The 2 o'clock train will connect with the mail train east and west on the Pennsylvania Railroad. The 9 o'clock P M train from the mines and Bedford will connect with the lightning train east on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Passengers by this route to Bedford Springs, gain half a day in time and save two dollars in fare over any other route.

Fifty pounds of baggage allowed each passenger.

For any further information inquire at the office of Transportation Department, Huntingdon.
JAMES BOON, *Superintendent.*
July 15, 1856.

NOTICE TO SCHOOL DIRECTORS.—The Board of School Directors of Altoona, wish to obtain the services of Six competent Teachers, to take charge of their schools, three Females and three Males.—To those who can come well recommended, liberal salaries will be paid. Our Schools will open about the first of September and continue six months.

By order of the Board,
Altoona, July 30, 1856. GEO. W. PATTON, Sec'y.

JUNIATA ACADEMY of Shirleysburg.—The next scholastic year of this Institution will commence on the 2d Tuesday of August, and will be divided into two sessions of twenty-two weeks each. This change from former term time is made by the Trustees that a short vacation may be given at the Hollidays, and six weeks in harvest. Old rates will be charged, of from $4 to $6 per quarter according to studies. Boarding in private families $1.75 to $2 per week. Washing 37½ cts. per dozen. For circulars, etc., address Mr. Wm. McClelland the Principal, or either of the undersigned.
JOHN BREWSTER, President.
WM. B. LEAS, Secretary. July 23, 1856.

NORMAL INSTITUTE.—It is designed to open the Normal School at Spruce Creek, Pa., on Monday the 28th inst., and to continue it eight weeks. The Union Church at that place has been procured for the use of the Institute; and suitable arrangements made with private families for boarding the student teachers.

TERMS—Tuition, $3 for the term—Boarding $2 per week.
ALBERT OWEN, *County Superintendent.*
Huntingdon, July 23, 1856.

HISTORY OF THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF THE JUNIATA VALLEY.—The citizens of Huntingdon county can procure the above work at the Bookstore of W. COLON, in Huntingdon, who will also mail it to any address on the receipt of two dollars. Huntingdon, July 23, 1856.

PUBLIC SALE of VALUABLE Real ESTATE AT THE TOWN OF COALMONT.—By virtue of proceedings in the Orphans' Court of Bedford and Huntingdon counties, the undersigned administrator of the Estate of Thomas Keeffe, late of the town of Bedford, dec'd, will sell at public outcry, on Saturday the 9th day of August next, upon the premises, all the following described property, to wit. Lots Nos. 139, 140 and 141 fronting 50 feet each on Wattson street, and extending 150 feet back to a 12 feet alley adjoining 12 feet alley on the North and East, and Irvine street on the West.

Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, a. m. of said day, when due attendance will be given and terms of sale made known by GEO. H. SPANG,
Administrator of the Estate of Thomas Keeffe, deceased.
July 23, 1856-ts.

SALT! SALT!!—Direct Importation! ASHTON, MARSHAL and FINE SALT, Ground Alum Salt, Dairy Salt—a large stock constantly on hand and for sale by CARR, GIESE & CO., Produce Commission Merchants, 21 Spear's Wharf, Baltimore.
☞Lump Plaster always on hand. July 22. 1856.*

TRAPPE WASHINGTON HALL BOARDING SCHOOL.—The twenty-seventh Academic year will commence 28th inst. The course of instruction is thorough and scientific. The Normal Department supplied 36 teachers, last year, to the common schools, some of whom receive the highest wages paid by the system.

A. RAMBO, A. M., Principal and Teacher of Languages, the higher English Branches and Vocal and Instrumental Music.

Rev. A. S. LINK, A. M., Teacher in Evidences of Christianity.

D. D. DETWILER, M. D., Teacher of French.

A. JUDSON ROWLAND, Assistant Teacher in English Branches and Mathematics.

F. M. BLANFUSS, Prof. of Piano Forte, Melodean, Organ, Guitar, &c.

HENRY W. KRATZ, Teacher in Penmanship.

Address, A. RAMBO, A. M., *Principal.*
Trappe, Pa., July 16, 1856.

NOTICE.—The following named persons have filed their applications for Tavern and Eating House licenses, in the Office of the Clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions for the county of Huntingdon, to be presented to said Court on Monday the 11th day of August, next:

TAVERNS:
Thomas G. Isenberg, Porter township.
Farris Lefford, Walker township.
Samuel Huey, Alexandria Borough.
Christian Souder, Brady township.
EATING HOUSES:
John H. Holmes, Alexandria Borough.
James Kelly, Morris township.
Henry Jamison, Brady township.
George Householder, Penn township.
STORE-KEEPER'S LICENSE.
Dr. James G. Lightner, Shirleysburg borough.
July 15, '56 M. F. CAMPBELL, Clerk.

COMMISSIONERS' SALE.—The following tracts of land will be exposed to public sale by the Commissioners of Huntingdon county, on Thursday the 21st day of August, 1856, according to the several Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided, viz:

Tod township—George Knoblough,.....295 acres.
Walker township—John Carson,.....146 "
Franklin township—Mary Jordon,..... 60 "
Springfield township—Stacey Young....114 " 150 p's.
By order of Commissioners. HENRY W. MILLER,
Huntingdon, July 16, 1856-6t. *Clerk.*

LIGHTNING RODS! Armitage's Patent of SUPERIOR ELECTRIC MAGNET LIGHTNING RODS, it is now admitted on all hands, that every building to be secure from the destructive influences of lightning should be provided with a good conductor.

The large number of worthless rods that are put up makes it necessary for purchasers to examine the merits of the different rods offered for sale.

The public need but to examine Armitage's rods to be convinced that they are constructed upon not only the best, but the only safe principle of any rod in use.

Over

THE HUNTINGDON GLOBE, A DEMOCRATIC FAMILY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS, &C.

THE GLOBE.

Huntingdon, Wednesday, August 6, 1856.

Charge it upon them, Democrats!

Do not let our adversaries drive us into a defensive attitude. We have the right with us, and we have the memories of the Past to cheer us, and the Hopes of the Future to spur us on in the good work. We should attack the enemy in his strongholds. We should track him to his midnight lair. We should strip the robes of false purity from his recreant limbs.

Charge upon them, Democrats, that they have started candidates for President and Vice President, who are to be elected, if at all, by a sectional vote, and for whom no Southern man can vote without personal dishonor and political suicide.

Charge upon them, that they violate daily and deliberately, the solemn warning of Washington, who, in his Farewell Address, admonished his countrymen to beware of sectional and geographical parties.

Charge upon them, that the leaders of the Fremont party are in nearly every instance the avowed advocates of a dissolution of the American Union.

Charge upon them, that they assail and traduce our fellow countrymen of the South more than they would assail and traduce the vilest despotism on the globe.

Charge upon them, that they selected Fremont as a candidate, first because he would prove to be their passive instrument in the work of disunion, and next because he was supposed to have grown enormously rich by his speculations.

Charge upon them that they are presenting to the Northern States, as an inducement to secure votes for Fremont, by speeches and editorials, in maps and in pictures, the advantages that would result from the dissolution of the Union to Northern prosperity, and comfort, and religion.

Charge upon them, that their open championship of Disunion doctrines, directly follows from the infamous example of the Hartford Convention in 1814-15, and like that dark plot, is most earnestly sustained by Great Britain.

Charge upon them, that the British press hails the Fremont nomination, and the agitation that led to it, as certain steps to a dissolution of the Union.

Charge upon them, that not satisfied with the overthrow of our civil rights and liberties, they have prepared mankind for that dread catastrophe by sowing the seeds of discords in the Christian Church.

Charge upon them that they expect to carry this election with money. They nominated Fremont for his wealth. Seward says there is plenty of money to be had to ignore and violate the Constitution, in his speech at Albany, on the 12th of October; and Francis P. Blair says, the Missouri Compromise will be restored if Fremont is elected, by buying up the Senators of the United States with the patronage of the General Government.

Charge upon them, that this Union cannot stand if the North, as they propose, shall exercise the government to oppress and outrage the South.

Charge upon them that they have invoked force to their aid in the event of failing to elect Fremont by a sectional vote. See Webb's speech at the Black Republican Convention; Giddings' threats in Congress; the infidel columns of the Boston *Liberator;* and the sermon of the Rev. H. Ward Beecher.

Charge upon them, that their love for the black is so intense, that while they would degrade and disfranchise a white man because he was born, like Lafayette, in a foreign land, they would elevate Fred. Douglas and his school to social and political equality with our fellow-countrymen, because they are negroes.

Charge upon them, that until they invoked the twin fiends of Know-Nothingism and Abolition, Christian Churches were peaceful and pious assemblages, but now too many are torn with dissensions and presided over by political priests.

Charge upon them, that while blaming Mr. Brooks for his attack upon Sumner, they never blame Fremont for his attack upon Foote, in both cases the offence given having been during a debate in the Senate.

Charge upon them, that while howling over the disturbances in Kansas, they never condemn the murders in our great cities, by Know-Nothing rowdies, of inoffensive and deserving adopted citizens.

Charge upon them, that they have reviled the Missouri Compromise for nearly forty years, and now demand that it shall be restored after it has been repealed.

Charge upon them, that they have selected a candidate for President who has neither the character, the capacity, the experience nor the integrity, to preside over the affairs of the Government.

Charge upon them, that in their war upon the Southern States, they refuse to hesitate, because their schemes must end in a civil and servile war, and laugh at the certain catastrophe of three millions of suddenly liberated Slaves being poured down upon the North.

Charge upon them, that they denounce and contemn the decisions of the highest tribunal in the land, and openly traduce the venerable jurists who compose our United States Supreme Court.

Charge upon them, that while they ask the votes of the adopted citizen, they prepare the statue that is to deprive him of his rights; that while they say they are not against the Catholics, their own candidate swears he is not a Catholic, as if to be so were a crime; and that one of the Conventions which nominated Freemont affected to repudiate Know-Nothingism, while the other, which nominated him made Know-Nothingism its chief corner-stone.—*Pennsylvanian.*

Experience of a Free State Man in Kansas---the "Border Ruffians."

M. W. KING, of Racine, gives a most interesting relation of his experience in Kansas. After relating the circumstances that led to his emigration—his arrival in Kansas city, in Missouri, with his family—he writes:

"Leaving my family, I started for the 'promised land.' I traveled just one hundred and eight miles, according to the survey, before I could find a sufficiency of timber to warrant me in an attempt to build a house. At Pawnee, the capital as projected by Governor Reeder, or rather within a distance of five miles from that paper city, I succeeded in making a claim of 80 acres, on which, after much severe labor and privation, I succeeded in raising a house that would shelter myself and family. During all the time of my struggle in the wilderness, I was aided and assisted in every way by my neighbors, Missourians, and indeed, never even had to wait longer for their help than they saw wherein they could assist me.

My claim made, and my house, such as it was, completed, I started for Kansas city to bring my family out. Judge of my feelings when I learned that for nearly the whole period of my absence my child had been laying at the point of death, and my wife, the mother, among strangers, too. And remember, also, that these strangers were all 'border ruffians.' Of course, I was anxious. I questioned my wife, how did you get along?—What did you do? Why, she answered me, no people could be more kind; all took an interest in our suffering and sorrow; I never saw a more kind-hearted and generous people. I was astonished, I confess it. Of course, I said but little—what could I say? They asked me—the 'border ruffians'—of my politics. I told them I was an out-and-out free State man. The answer was invariably—'That's right, Mr. King, vote as you think—we wish every man to enjoy his own opinion.'

For many weary days I walked around, waiting for the returning strength of my child, and during these days I saw many things that would have been disbelieved by myself if stated to me before I left Racine, and while I was a reader of, and believer in, the New York Tribune. I saw many—very many poor families landed at Leavenworth—sent on by the New England Aid Society, who had not the means to bury the dead of their company. Men, women and children were there, sent on by these aid Societies, without funds to purchase one meal of food after landing. They came there, expecting no one knows what, but in as destitute a condition as ever emigrants landed at the docks of New York.

The men of Missouri, the 'border ruffians,' took them into their homes, they fed them—the living ones—and buried the dead—they gave them clothes, food, and kind words; they acted, in short, the part of noble, generous, Christian men, and their reward has been abuse and misrepresentation.

That the men of Missouri felt and feel aggrieved is not to be wondered at by any who know anything of the facts. They have been flooded by companies sent on by "aid societies," of men who at home could not command the respect, hardly the forbearance of the communities in which they lived; they have been obliged not only to feed these men, but to listen to their scurrilous abuse, and now, when they have sought nothing more, as I well know, then an equal and just share of the advantages of the newly opened territory, they are belied by press and pulpit through the entire North. As I said before, I hate slavery, and never by act or word will give it aid or countenance, but I hate it so much that I cannot bear even to see the mistaken, (though I believe honestly mistaken,) supporters of it lied about and abused.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—NOTICE is hereby given to all persons interested, that the following named persons have settled their accounts in the Register's Office at Huntingdon, and that the said accounts will be presented for confirmation and allowance, at an Orphans' Court to be held at Huntingdon, in and for the County of Huntingdon, on Wednesday the 13th day of August next, to wit:

1. George M. Greene and Henry S. Greene, administrators of Wm. Houck, late of Tod township, dec'd.
2. Alexander Stewart and Samuel Barr, administrators of Wm. Mears, late of Jackson tp., dec'd.
3. David Ramsey, administrator with the Will annexed, of Wm. Henner, late of Barre tp., dec'd.
4. David Hicks, administrator of Adam Bigham, late of Cromwell township, dec'd.
5. Samuel Schell and John C. Moore, administrators of George Schell, late of Penn township, dec'd.
6. Jacob Harncame, executor of the last Will and Testament of Nancy Neff, dec'd, in discharge of his trust for sale of real estate.
7. Christopher Irvine and John Huyett, executors of Mark McDonald, late of West tp., dec'd.
8. Jacob Harncame, administrator of Samuel Spyker, late of the borough of Alexandria, dec'd.
9. The administration account of Elizabeth Buchanan, administratrix of Wm. Buchanan, dec'd, as filed by Samuel T. Brown, Esq., administrator of said administratrix.
10. Jonas J. Reed and Thos. G. Stapleton, administrators of John Bradley, late of Tod tp., deceased.
11. Alexander Port, Esq., administrator of Henry Hutchison, late of Henderson tp., dec'd.
12. Alexander Port, Esq., administrator of J. McCartney Sankey, late of Henderson tp., dec'd.
13. George Branstetter, administrator of Abraham Branstetter, late of Warriorsmark tp., dec'd.
14. Thomas Anderson, administrator of Catharine Gordon, late of Tod tp., dec'd.
15. Benedict Stevens, Esq., administrator and Trustee to sell the real estate of Henry L. Keister, late of Springfield tp., dec'd.
16. Abraham Cresswell, Guardian of Lydia A. C. Johnston, a daughter of James Johnston.
17. A. Cresswell, Guardian of Susan Hill, formerly Susan Borst, late of West tp., dec'd.
18. A. Cresswell, Guardian of Catharine E. Maflit, formerly Catharine E. Borst, a daughter of Jacob Borst, late of West tp., dec'd.
19. Richardson Reed and James McIlduff, Guardians of David M. and Annie Gosnell, minor children of Jesse Gosnell, dec'd.
20. Robert Hale Powel, Guardian of Wm. and Juniata Buchanan, minor children of Wm. Buchanan, late of Brady tp., dec'd.

HENRY GLAZIER, *Register.*

REGISTER'S OFFICE, Huntingdon, July 16, 1856.

TRIAL LIST FOR AUGUST TERM, 1856.

	FIRST WEEK.	
Mary Ann Smith	*v*	Peter Moore's Executor.
John Lukens' adm'rs	*v*	J. & R. Madden.
D. Caldwell	*v*	Dell & Crotzley
Matthews' Heirs	*v*	G. K. & J. H. Shoenberger.
Aaron Shore	*v*	*Aaron Staines.*
Matthews' Exec'rs	*v*	E. L. Plowman.
Charles Bratton	*v*	Wm. Corbin's adm'rs.
Gande	*v*	Shoenbergers.
John Miller	*v*	Andrew Smith.
E. L. Anderson	*v*	Smith & Robison.
James Gardner	*v*	Jas. Richardson.
John Fleming	*v*	B. X. Blair, *et al.*
Stirling & Alexander	*v*	Bracken, Stitt & Co.,
J. H. Wheeler	*v*	Baker.
Same	*v*	M. Greenland.
	SECOND WEEK.	
Dr. P. Shoenberger's Ex'rs	*v*	A. P. Wilson, Esq., *et al.*
A. P. Wilson, Esq.,	*v*	M. Buoy
Mary Steely	*v*	Hugh Moran's adm'r.
J. Lee	*v*	J. P. Moore.
Woolheater for Lee	*v*	Isaac Hill.
G. W. Pheasant	*v*	Robert Hare Powel.
Aaron Clement, *et al*	*v*	Brown & States.
Dr. H. L. Brown	*v*	Robert Hare Powel.
Brown & Hagerty	*v*	Same.
Isaac Baicht	*v*	A. & J. Wise.
J. W. Riley	*v*	H. & B. T. M. R. R. & C. Co.

M. F. CAMPBELL, *Prothonotary.*

Huntingdon, July 16, 1856.

LIST OF GRAND JURORS FOR A Court of Quarter Sessions to be held at Huntingdon, in and for the county of Huntingdon, on the second Monday and 11th day of August, A. D. 1856.

1. William Africa, Shoemaker, Huntingdon.
2. Allen Buckley, Laborer, Shirley.
3. Peter Burket, Tanner, Warriorsmark.
4. Jesse Curtman, Farmer, Cass.
5. John Flenner, Farmer, Henderson.
6. John Foreman, Farmer, Cromwell.
7. Daniel Coodman, Farmer, Henderson.
8. Elijah R. Green, Farmer, Clay.
9. John Griffith, Farmer, Tod.
10. James Higgins, Cabinet Maker, Huntingdon.
11. Joseph Hunter, Farmer, Jackson.
12. Henry Mytinger, Gentleman, Morris.
13. *Samuel Marks, Carpenter.* Franklin.
14. Matthew Miller, Physician, Jackson.
15. James McNeal, Farmer, Clay.
16. Jackson Ozburn, Farmer, Jackson.
17. John Porter, jr., Merchant, Porter.
18. Elliott Ramsey, (of G.) Carpenter, Shirley.
19. Joseph Stever, Farmer, Cass.
20. John Smith, (Manor) Farmer, Barree.
21. Joseph W. Shaver, Clerk, Shirley.
22. James Thompson, Tailor, Warriorsmark.
23. William Walker, Carpenter, Porter.
24. William Williams, Mechanic, Huntingdon.

TRAVERSE JURORS—FIRST WEEK.

1. Richard Ashman, Merchant, Clay.
2. Daniel Africa, Laborer, Huntingdon.
3. Andrew Anderson, Farmer, Porter.
4. John Baker, Mason, Springfield.
5. John Bumgarner, Farmer, Union.
6. William Carmon, Merchant, Huntingdon.
7. William Couch, sr., Farmer, Barree.
8. Humphrey Chilcote, Farmer, Union.
9. David Cunningham, Farmer, Jackson.
10. William Copley, Blacksmith, Warriorsmark.
11. Hannon Crotsley, Farmer, Cass.
12. Jacob Cresswell, Farmer, Tod.
13. John Dean, Farmer, Tod.
14. William Dean, Farmer, Walker.
15. Alexander Ewing, Teacher, Franklin.
16. Jonathan Frazier, Farmer, Jackson.
17. Joseph Forrest, Farmer, Barree.
18. Nicholas Graffius, Carpenter, Franklin.
19. William Hutchison, Farmer, Warriorsmark.
20. Jacob Hallman, Farmer, Henderson.
21. Abraham Harnish, Farmer, Morris.
22. William Hileman, Farmer, Morris.
23. George Jackson, Gentleman, Huntingdon.
24. Ephraim Kyle, Mason, Clay.
25. Enos H. Kulp, Tailor, Huntingdon.
26. Adam Kerth, Manager, Franklin.
27. John H. Kenedy, Gentleman, Porter.
28. Jacob Miller, Farmer, Union.
29. Francis A. McCoy, Farmer, Brady.
30. John R. McCarthy, Farmer, Brady.
31. Samuel Miller, (of T.) Farmer, Barree.
32. Jacob Miller, Farmer, Henderson.
33. James S. Oaks, Farmer, Jackson.
34. Peter Piper, Farmer, Porter.
35. David Parker, Esq., Blacksmith, Warriorsmark.
36. William L. Philips, Laborer, Porter.
37. Henry Robison, Merchant, Dublin.
38. Isaac Sharrer, Farmer, Shirley.
39. Samuel Stefley, Farmer, Jackson.
40. John L. Stewart, Gentleman, Porter.
41. Hugh Seeds, Farmer, Franklin.
42. John Shaver, Esq., Farmer, Shirley.
43. Henry W. Swoope, Farmer, Porter.
44. Thomas Schell, Tailor, Warriorsmark.
45. Peter Tippery, Blacksmith, Morris.
46. John C. Watson, Manager, Brady.
47. Robert B. Wilson, Farmer, West.
48. Jesse Yocum, J. P., Brady.

TRAVERSE JURORS—SECOND WEEK.

1. Isaac Bumbaugh, Farmer, Penn.
2. Joshua Brown, Farmer, Springfield.
3. Samuel Cummings, Farmer, Jackson.
4. Thomas Colder, Farmer, Porter.
5. Robert Cunningham, Farmer, Porter.
6. William Christie, Surveyor, Porter.
7. Samuel Couts, Clerk, Huntingdon.
8. George W. Cornelius, Farmer, Cromwell.
9. Joseph Douglass, Merchant, Walker.
10. David Grazier, Farmer, Warriorsmark.
11. John Grove, Farmer, Penn.
12. Moses Greenland, Farmer, Penn.
13. Christian Harnish, Farmer, Porter.
14. John Herncane, Farmer, Porter.
15. David Jeffries, Farmer, Dublin.
16. James Levingston, Farmer, Barree.
17. John Lefford, Farmer, Brady.
18. William McDivit, Carpenter, West.
19. George McCrum, jr., Farmer Barree.
20. Thompson Martin, Farmer, Porter.
21. Charles McCarthy, Farmer, Brady.
22. William Maflit, sr., Farmer, Barree.
23. James McClure, Farmer, Porter.
24. *James McDonald*, Farmer, Brady.
25. Samuel Miller, Farmer, Barree.
26. John Nelson, Farmer, Dublin.
27. Andrew G. Neff, Farmer, Penn.
28. Stevens Randolph, Laborer, Barree.
29. John M. Simpson, Farmer, Huntingdon.
30. Elisha Shoemaker, Farmer, Henderson.
31. Henry Shaver, Farmer, Shirley.
32. Isaac Smith, Tailor, Cass.
33. John Whittaker, (of Geo.) Farmer, Porter.
34. David Wible, Farmer, Springfield.
35. William Walters, Carpenter, Morris.
36. William Wray, Farmer, Warriorsmark.

Given under seal of office the 23d day of April, 1856.

Attest, HENRY W. MILLER, *Clerk.*

JOSHUA GREENLAND, *Sheriff.*
THOMAS HAMER,
BENJ. K. NEFF,
J. BAKER, } *Comm'rs.*

Huntingdon, July 16, 1856.

SHERIFF'S SALES.—By virtue of sundry writs of *Venditiona Exponas* and *Fieri Facias* issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Huntingdon county, and to me directed, I will expose to public sale, at the Court House, in the borough of Huntingdon, on Monday the 11th day of August, 1856, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the following real estate, to wit:

All the right, title and interest of Defendant, of, in and to a lot of ground in the borough of Alexandria, fronting 90 feet on Market street, and extending back to the Pennsylvania canal, bounded on the west by land belonging to the Commonwealth, on the east by a lot of Hannah Albright, having thereon erected a two story log weather-boarded dwelling house, with back buildings and a well of water at the door. Also, the interest of the defendant in five adjoining out lots, bounded on the north by land of John Porter, Esq., on the west by land of the heirs of Robert Lytle, dec'd., on the south by an alley, by land of the heirs of George Wilson, dec'd. on the east—containing in the whole about one acre and a quarter, more or less, with a large frame stable thereon. Seized and taken in execution and to be sold as the property of William J. Williams.

ALSO—A lot or parcel of ground lying on the north side of the Woodcock Valley road, in Hopewell township, Huntingdon county, containing three quarters of an acre of land, more or less, upon which is erected a two-story log dwelling house; adjoining lands of Leonard Weaver on the north, and John Russell on the south, &c. Seized and taken in execution and to be sold as the property of John A. Weaver.

ALSO—A log house below the borough of Huntingdon, adjoining Henry Sturtzman on the north, Jacob Fockler on the east, Corbin on the south east—containing about one acre of ground with brick basement.—Seized and taken in execution and to be sold as the property of David Sturtzman.

ALSO—A lot of ground situated in the borough of Birmingham, Huntingdon county, Pa., fronting 66 feet on Tyrone street, and extending back at right angles 130 feet to an alley, bounded on the north by the public School House lot, with the following improvements thereon erected: a two story plastered house and tailor shop, stable and other out-buildings. Seized and taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Wesley P. Green.

ALSO—All the right, title and interest of defendant, of, in and to a tract of land lying partly in Brady and partly in Henderson township, adjoining lands of Irvin. Green & Watson on the east, the Juniata river on the south, and lands of John McCahan on the west, and James Simpson on the north, containing about 60 acres, more or less, most of which is cleared with a large Tavern House, stable, saw mill, store house and ware room, and three dwelling houses. Also, the interest of defendant in a tract of land in Henderson township, adjoining on the north lands of Jane Armitage, on the east lands of James Simpson, on the south by Alexander Simpson, on the west by Samuel Goodman, containing 114 acres, more or less, about 80 acres cleared, with a house and barn, frame carpenter shop and excellent orchard thereon. Seized and taken in execution and to be sold as the property of James J. Goodman.

ALSO—All the right, title and interest of the defendants, Eben B. Pike and James Gardner, in and to a body of wood land extending from the Raystown Branch on the west to Sideling Hill on the east, and lying on both sides of Terrace mountain, and in the head of Trough Creek Valley, in Walker and Union townships, Huntingdon county, adjoining lands of Thomas Read, Daniel Africa, Jacob Breneman, and the Heister land on the east or Traugh Creek side, lands of David Blair on the north west, lands of David Corbin, Rudolph Breneman, and John Shaver on the west, or Raystown Branch side, and extending from the Juniata river below the State dam to Shaver's Gap on Terrace mountain aforesaid, being composed of several surveys and parts of surveys, in the names of Dr. John Henderson, George Fea, William Fea, David Fea and Robert Fea, and containing in the whole between twelve and thirteen hundred acres, more or less. Seized and taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Eben B. Pike and James Gardner.

JOSHUA GREENLAND, *Sheriff.*

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, Huntingdon, July 16, 1856.

ATTENTION, ATTENTION!

Best Zinc Paint only $2 68 per keg.
Pure White Lead only $2 87 per keg.

And other paints in proportion, at the cheap Hardware Store of J. A. BROWN & CO.

BUILDERS, do you believe it? Nails are selling at $4 90 per keg, at the new Hardware Store of J. A. BROWN & CO.

BEST STEEL BLADE Moulders' Shovels, Miners' Coal Shovels, &c., at the new Hardware Store of J. A. BROWN & CO.

METAL AND CHAIN PUMPS, extremely low, at J. A. BROWN & CO'S. HARDWARE STORE.

PROFESSIONAL & BUSINESS CARDS.

DR. JOHN McCULLOCH, offers his professional services to the citizens of Huntingdon and vicinity. Office at Mr. Hildebrand's, between the Exchange and Jackson's Hotel. Aug. 28, '55.

T. P. CAMPBELL, Attorney at Law, Office in the brick row near the Court House.

JOHN SCOTT. SAMUEL T. BROWN.

SCOTT & BROWN, Attorneys at Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office same as that formerly occupied by Mr. Scott. Huntingdon, Oct. 17, 1853.

JOHN N. PROWELL, Attorney at Law, Will attend faithfully to all legal business entrusted to his care. Huntingdon, July 20, 1855.

JOHN FRISCH, Watch Maker, Can be found at E. Snare's Jewelry Store. All work warranted. March 13, 1855.

J. SIMPSON AFRICA, County Surveyor, Huntingdon, Pa. Office on Hill street.

DRS. MILLER & FRAZER, DENTISTS, Huntingdon, Pa. Offices on Hill street, opposite the Court House, and North East corner of Hill and Franklin. Jan. 9, 1856.

J. & W. SAXTON, Huntingdon, Pa.—Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Grain, &c., &c.

WM. COLON, Dealer in Books, Stationary, Wall Paper, &c. &c.

D. P. GWIN, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, &c.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM & BRO., Founders, Huntingdon, Pa.

R. C. McGILL, Founder, Alexandria, Huntingdon county, Pa.

MOSES STROUS, Dealer in Dry Goods, Ready Made Clothing, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, etc.

H. ROMAN, Dealer in Ready Made Clothing, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, &c.

BENJ. JACOBS, Dealer in Dry Goods, Ready Made Clothing, Groceries, Queensware, &c. &c.

LEVI WESTBROOK, Dealer in Gentlemen's, Ladies' and Misses' Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, etc.

LONG & DECKER, Dealers in Groceries, Confectionaries, Queensware, Flour, &c.

JOSEPH REIGGER, Watchmaker and dealer in Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry, &c.

EDM. SNARE, Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Musical Instruments, etc.

WM. WILLIAMS, Plain and Ornamental Marble Manufacturer.

LOVE and McDIVIT, Dealers in Groceries, Confectionaries, Flour, &c.

JAS. A. BROWN and CO., Dealers in all kinds of Hardware.

CUNNINGHAM and DUNN, Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Grain, &c. &c.

OWEN BOAT, Carriage and Waggon Manufacturer.

HENRY McMANIGILL, Proprietor of the Farmers' Home Hotel.

ANDREW MOEBUS, Proprietor of the Broad Top House.

JOHN F. RAMEY, Practical Surveyor, Huntingdon, Pa. Office on Hill street, one door east of the Huntingdon Marble Yard.

REFERENCES—L. T. Watson, Philadelphia; J. P. Leslie, Geologist, Philadelphia; Charles Mickley, Rough and Ready Furnace, Hon. Jonathan M'Williams.

ADAMS & CO'S EXPRESS. T. K. SIMONTON, Agent. Huntingdon, Pa. Money, Packages, and Goods of all kinds received and forwarded at the risk of the Company, to all the cities and principal towns in the United States.

ORBISON, DORRIS & CO., Miners, and Dealers in Broad Top Coal, Huntingdon.

MAGUIRE & PORT, Miners, and Dealers in Broad Top Coal, Huntingdon.

KESSLER, WHITNEY & CO., Miners, and Dealers in Broad Top Coal, Huntingdon.

POWEL, SAXTON & CO., Miners, and Dealers in Broad Top Coal. J. W. Saxton, Huntingdon; R. Hare Powel, 56 Walnut st., Philadelphia.

THE BEST CHEESE always on hand at 14 cts., at LOVE & McDIVIT'S.

TOBACCO, Segars and Snuff, the best, at LOVE & McDIVIT'S.

BEST SUGARS, from 8 to 15 cents, at LOVE & McDIVIT'S.

BEST COFFEE, at 14 cents, to be had at LOVE & McDIVIT'S.

BEST MOLASSES from 50 to 75 cts., by the gallon, at LOVE & McDIVIT'S.

MIXED PICKLES, Pepper Sauce and Catsup, at LOVE & McDIVIT'S.

UMBRELLAS and Parasols, of a new style, just received, and for sale by
ap116 J. & W. SAXTON.

ARE you afflicted with Rheumatism?—JOHN C. WESTBROOK, of Cassville, manufactures a sure cure for Rheumatism. December 7, 1855.

W. L. B. MUSGRAVE & CO., Wholesale Druggists, and Dealers in Drugs, Spices, Chemicals, Dye-Stuffs, Acids, Glassware, Paints, Oils, Glass, &c. 376 Market Street above 11th, South Side, Philadelphia.

☞ Druggists and country merchants are requested to give them a call and examine their stock and prices, before making their purchases. May 28, 1856.

THE WEST BRANCH INSURANCE COMPANY, of Lock Haven, Pa., insures Detached Buildings, Stores, Merchandize, Farm Property, and other Buildings, and their contents, at moderate rates.

DIRECTORS—Hon. John J. Pearce, Hon. G. C. Harvey, John B. Hall, T. T. Abrams, Charles A. Mayer, D. K. Jackman, Charles Crist, W. White, Peter Dickson, Thomas Kitchen.

Hon. G. C. Harvey, President; T. T. Abrams, Vice President; Thos. Kitchen, Secretary.

REFERENCES—Samuel H. Lloyd, Thos. Bowman, D. D., A. A. Winegardner, Wm. Vanderbelt, L. A. Mackey, Wm. Fearon, A. White, Dr. J. S. Crawford, James Quiggle, A. Updegraff, John W. Maynard, James Armstrong, Hon. Simon Cameron, Hon. Wm. Bigler.

A. S. HARRISON, Agent.

Huntingdon, April 9, 1856.

PROCLAMATION.—Whereas by a precept to me directed, dated at Huntingdon, the 26th day of April, A. D. 1856, under the hands and seals of the Hon. George Taylor, President of the Court of Common Pleas, Oyer and Terminer, and general jail delivery of the 24th judicial district of Pennsylvania, composed of Huntingdon, Blair and Cambria; and the Hon. Jonathan McWilliams and Thomas F. Stewart, his associates, Judges of the county of Huntingdon, justices assigned, appointed to hear, try and determine all and every indictments made or taken for or concerning all crimes, which by the laws of the State are made capital, or felonies of death, and other offences, crimes and misdemeanors, which have been or shall hereafter be committed or perpetrated for crimes aforesaid—I am commanded to make public proclamation throughout my whole bailiwick, that a Court of Oyer and Terminer, of Common Pleas and Quarter Sessions, will be held at the Court House in the borough of Huntingdon, on the second Monday (and 11th day) of August next, and those who will prosecute the said prisoners be then and there to prosecute them as it shall be just, and that all Justices of the Peace, Coroner and Constables within said county be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock, a. m., of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations and remembrances, to do those things which to their offices respectively appertain.

Dated at Huntingdon the 26th of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-six, and the 80th year of American Independence.

JOSHUA GREENLAND, *Sheriff.*

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, Huntingdon, July 16, 1856.

PROCLAMATION.—Whereas by a precept to me directed by the Judges of the Common Pleas of the county of Huntingdon, bearing test the 26th day of April, 1856, I am commanded to make Public Proclamation throughout my whole bailiwick, that a Court of Common Pleas will be held at the Court House in the borough of Huntingdon, on the 3rd Monday (and 18th day) of August, A. D., 1856, for the trial of all issues in said Court which remain undetermined before the said Judges, when and where all jurors, witnesses, and suitors, in the trials of all issues are required.

Dated at Huntingdon the 16th of July, in the year of our Lord 1856, and the 80th year of American Independence.

JOSHUA GREENLAND, *Sheriff.*

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, Huntingdon, July 16, 1856.

HAMS, Shoulders and Flitch for sale by LOVE & McDIVIT.

THE HUNTINGDON FOUNDRY IN BLAST AGAIN!—The subscribers take this method of informing their friends and the public generally, that they have rebuilt the Huntingdon Foundry, and are now in successful operation, and are prepared to furnish Castings of every description, of best quality and workmanship, on short notice, and on reasonable terms. Farmers are invited to call and examine our Ploughs. We are manufacturing the Hunter Plough. This plough took the first premium at the Huntingdon county Agricultural Fair last fall. Also, Hunter's celebrated Cutter Ploughs, which can't be beat—together with the Keystone, Hillside and Bar-shear ploughs. We have on hand and are manufacturing Stoves—such as Cook, Parlor, and Office stoves for wood or coal. Hollow ware, consisting of Kettles, Boilers, Skillets, &c., all of which we will sell cheap for cash or in exchange for country produce. Old metal taken for castings. By a strict attention to business, and a desire to please, we hope to receive a liberal share of public patronage.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM & BRO.

Huntingdon, April 30, 1856.

SPECIAL NOTICE!—R. C. McGILL wishes to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has bought the Alexandria Foundry, lately owned by Israel Graffius, Esq., together with its Patterns, Flasks and other contents. And from his long experience in the business, he hopes to obtain a share of the public patronage. As he has the Foundry in full operation, he can furnish all who may give him a call with all kinds of Castings, such as Rolling Mill, Forge, Grist and Saw Mill Castings—improved Thrashing Machine Castings. And in a short time will have Cook Stoves of various sizes and improved patterns for wood and coal.—Also, ten-plate, air-tight, parlor, and bar-room stoves, of various sizes, for wood or coal. Also, Castings for houses, cellar grates, such as Lintels, Sills, Sash weights, etc.—Ploughs of every description, the latest and most improved styles. Also, Sled Soles and Wagon Boxes, oven frames, large bells, and water pipes. Hollow ware—consisting of kettles, boilers, etc. Having turning lathes he will be able to furnish any of the above named articles of either wood or iron—and all other kinds of Castings, "too numerous to mention," all of which will be sold cheaper than ever for Cash and all kinds of country produce. Old metal will be taken in exchange for castings. Bring along your old metal, your cash and country produce, when any articles are wanted. R. C. McGILL.

Alexandria, April 23, 1856.

TO THE PUBLIC.—The undersigned informs his friends and the public generally, that he has leased the FARMERS' HOME HOTEL, in the borough of Huntingdon, and is now prepared to accommodate with boarding and lodging all who may favor him with a call. His Bar is furnished with the best liquors.

LIVERY STABLE.—He has also provided himself with a good stock of Horses, Carriages, &c., for the accommodation of the public, at reasonable charges.

HENRY McMANIGILL.

Huntingdon, April 7, 1856.

BOOKS! BOOKS! 40,000 Volumes of new and popular Books, embracing every variety usually kept in a Philadelphia Book Store, and many of them at half the Publisher's retail prices, the subscriber now offers to the public.

All School Books used in the county can be had in any quantities at retail and wholesale rates.

Foolscap, Letter, and Wrapping paper, wholesale, or by the ream.

100 Superior Gold Pens with Silver and Gold cases, from $1 upwards.

Also Pocket and Pen Knives of Rogers' and others' best manufacture.

100 Splendid Port Monniaes and Pocket Books at 20 cts. and upwards.

3,000 pieces Wall Paper of the latest and prettiest styles, just received from New York and Philadelphia, prices from 10 cts a piece and upwards.

500 beautifully painted and gold gilted Window Shades at 44 cts. and upwards.

The public have but to call and examine, to be convinced that in buying of the above stock they will be pleased and also save money. Remember the place, corner of Montgomery and Railroad streets. WM. COLON.

Huntingdon, April 16, 1856.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS! AT D. P. GWIN'S. D. P. Gwin has just received from Philadelphia a large and beautiful assortment of Spring and Summer Goods, consisting of the most fashionable Dress Goods for Ladies and Gentlemen, such as Black Silks, Chameleon and Fancy Silks, Silk Challi, Challi Delains, Spring Styles of Hamilton Delains, Barages, all Wool Delains, Fancy and Domestic Gingham, Debarge, Madonna Cloth, Alpaca, Lawns, and Prints of every description.

Also a large lot of Dress Trimmings, Dress Buttons, Bonnet Silks, Ribbons, Gloves, Mitts, Hosiery, Laces, Veils, Collars, Undersleeves, Chimizetts, Mohair Head Dresses, Summer Shawls, &c.

Also, Cloths, Black and Blue, Black and Fancy Cassimers, Cassinets, Vestings, Cotton Drills, Nankeen, Muslins Bleached and unbleached, Ticking, Checks, Table Diaper, Woolen and Linen Table Covers, and a variety of goods too numerous to mention.

Also, Bonnets and Hats, Boots and Shoes, Queensware, Hardware, Buckets, Churns, Tubs, Baskets, Oil Cloth.

Groceries, Fish and Salt, and all goods usually kept in a country store.

My old customers and as many new ones as can crowd in, are respectfully requested to call and examine my Goods.

All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for goods at the highest market prices.

Huntingdon, April 9, 1856.

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS. LATEST ARRIVAL.

J. & W. SAXTON are now receiving, and now opening, one of the finest assortments of Goods ever offered to the citizens of this place, as follows:

Cloths, Cassimers, Sattinetts, Vestings—Cotton Goods for Summer wear. Also, Shalleys, Berages, Lawns and Prints, with other articles for the ladies. A splendid lot of Black Silk, Ladies' striped and barred Dress Silk, Muslin, Linn Goods, and in fact, every article of wearing apparel necessary for the Ladies.

Hosiery and Fancy Goods. Also, all kinds of Dress Trimmings, Gloves, Combs, ribbons, Hair Broods, Dress Caps, and every kind usually kept in a country store. Bonnets and Straw Hats of the latest styles: silk, crape, and straw bonnets. Hats and Caps of the very latest styles, and of every shape and color.

Boots and Shoes. Our stock of Boots and Shoes can't be beat for quality and cheapness of prices, and one of the finest stocks ever offered.

Carpet and Oil Cloth. A splendid assortment of Carpet, Druggett, and Oil Cloth. Also—Hardware, the best assortment in town, not excepting the Hardware establishment, and at lower prices. Queensware, Groceries, Tobacco, Segars, Willow ware and Cedar ware, Ropes, Tow-lines and Cords, and everything usually kept in a country store, can be had at the Cheap Store of

Huntingdon, April 16, 1856. J. & W. SAXTON.

THE CHEAP CORNER FOREVER! SPRING and SUMMER GOODS, Ready-Made Clothing, &c.—BENJAMIN JACOBS informs his old customers and the citizens of the borough and county of Huntingdon generally, that he has just opened an extensive assortment of Goods of all kinds suitable for Spring and Summer, which will compare in quality and prices with any others brought to town the present season. His stock consists of every article of Ladies' Dress Goods. In part, Ginghams, Lawns, printed and plain Bareges, Prints of all kinds, Muslins, Gloves, Hosiery, &c., &c., in fact all articles of dress to be found in any other store in town.

Also, an extensive assortment of Ready-made Clothing, for men and boys, for spring and summer wear, all well made and of good materials. Also, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes, of all sizes.

Also, Groceries, Queensware, Glassware, Hardware, equal to any in town; and many more articles "too numerous to mention."

My old customers and the public in general, are invited to call and examine my new Goods. They will find them equal in quality, and as low in price, as any others in the county.

All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for Goods at the highest market prices.

Huntingdon, March 26, 1856.

OLD STROUS HAS COME AGAIN with a splendid stock of CLOTHING, made up in the latest styles of the choicest Goods. The stock consists in part of Dress and Frock Coats, Pants, Vests, &c., &c., all of which will be disposed of at low rates.

Also, a good assortment of DRY GOODS, Comprising Bareges, Tissues, Challeys, De Laines, Brilliantes, Lawns, &c.